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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

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MISS ANNIE POOLE.

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LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, October 25, 27, and 28, THE IRON CHEST; Mr. Irving. Wednesday, the 29th, HAMLET. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Thursday and Friday, the 30th and 31st, the theatre will be closed, and on Saturday, Nov. 1, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office open 10 to 5. No fees of any kind.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. HARE and Mr. KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled MONSIEUR LEDUC, in which Mr. Hare will appear as the Duc de Richelieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Nott, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM. BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.
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COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—Immense Success. Every Evening, at 7.45, an original comedy, in one act, by H. A. Jones, A CLERICAL ERROR. Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Dacre, Miss Emery, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. After which, at 8.30, COURTSHIP; or THE THREE CASKETS, a new and original comedy in three acts, by H. J. Byron. Characters by Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson, Barrett, H. Reeves Smith, E. Price, A. Dacre, J. B. Johnstone, Lashbrooke, and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Leigh Murray, Emmeline, Ormsby, and M. A. Giffard. Box-office open from 11 to 5. No fees.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.
Under the direction of C. A. Drake, Esq. MARIGOLD, a new Opera Comique. Music by Leon Vasseur, libretto by Arthur Mathison, will be produced on Wednesday next, Oct. 29, at 8.15, with new scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford, new and magnificent costumes by Mrs. May, increased orchestra and numerous choros. Principal characters by Mesdames Mulholland, Kate Sullivan, Isabelle Muncy, Fanny Edwards, &c., Messrs. Fred Wood, Arthur Rouseby, Michael Dwyer, George Mudie, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by AFTER ALL. Places may be secured at the Box-Office from 11 till 5 daily, and at all Libraries. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No booking fees. Conductor, Mons. Van Biene. Two Matinees only will be given, viz., on Saturday November 15th, and Saturday, November 29th. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B. WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—RESCUED; OR, A GIRL'S ROMANCE, by Dion Boucicault, at 8. New scenery by Julian Hicks; Music by Mr. W. C. Levey; Stage-Manager, Mr. Charles Harris. Preceded at 7 by POOR PILLICODY, to conclude with JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking-fees.

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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, by Charles Reade. Preceded at 7 by LOCKED-OUT.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, and VENUS. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. Doors open at 7.0. Performance will commence at 7.30 with MEM. 7; followed by the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims; at 10, VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Messrs. Carton, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, Desmond, and Charles Groves; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Alma Stanley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Carlin, Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus. No booking fees.

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Music by L. Lecoq; libretto by R. Reece and Henry S. Leigh. Artistes: Miles. Constance Loseby, Emma Chambers, and Alice May; Messrs. Knight Aston, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Frank Hall, Fred. Leslie, and Harry Paulton. Preceded by a New Farce. To conclude with Grand Ballet, CARMEN. Miles. Pertoldi, Rosa, Th. de Gillert, and the Corps de Ballet. Commence at 7.30. Admission from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d.—LA PETITE MADEMOISELLE at 7.45 Every Evening.

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NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.
On Saturday and following nights, an entirely new Irish Patriotic Drama by H. P. Gratten, entitled THE DEATH WARRANT: OR A RACE FOR LIFE, supported by Messrs. James, Sennett, Dobell, Syms, Monkhouse, Parker, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Lee, &c. Concluding with STAGE STRUCK. Mr. Monkhouse, Miss Victor, &c. Conclude on Thursday with the CORSIKAN BROTHERS.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Last Six Nights of the Blanche Cole Opera Company. Monday, October 27, LILY OF KILLARNEY. Tuesday, SATANILLA. Wednesday, IL TROVATORE. Thursday, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOORE, and 2nd and 3rd Acts of MARIANNELO. Friday, LA TRAVIATA. Saturday, Special Programme. Artists, Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Lucy Millais, Miss Kate Leopold, Miss Marie Temple, and Madame Cave Ashton. Messrs. J. W. Turner, R. Parkinson, G. Olmi, J. Hillier, H. Lynde, J. Tempest, Muller, Harvey, and Mr. Ludwig. Monday, Nov. 3rd, FLYING SCUD.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—

Every evening at 7.30, ROB ROY, produced with the greatest care as regards scenery, costumes, &c., to realise Highland Life as described by Sir Walter Scott, and received by the entire London press with the warmest expressions of approval. Characters, by Messrs. Walter Bentley, E. Cotte, B. Lyons, F. W. Wyndham, R. Lyons, A. Redwood, Fesb ooke, &c.; Mesdames Charles Calvert, Irwine, Meldenhall, &c. Gilroy's Troupe of Dancers and Pipers. Full and efficient chorus, and nearly 200 auxiliaries as soldiers, drovers, Highlanders, peasant women and children, &c., Scotch ballads and duets. New Sadler's Wells has wide staircases, excellent ventilation, and comfortable seats in every part of the house. Prices from 7s. 6d. to 6d. No restrictions as to evening dress. Doors Open at 7. Performance concludes about 10.30. Box Office open daily under the direction of Mr. W. Charman. Places can be booked at all the Libraries.

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HAMLET, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, and THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, Amateur Performances in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. Commence at 7, with WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY. At 8.30, HAMLET. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Seats, 3s. Admission 1s. Application for tickets to be made at the Hall.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

HERE is a true and amusing story of the "distress" in Ireland. The landlord is sitting in his library collecting such of his rents as he can secure, and there enters to him the occupier of a small farm. "So you have come to pay your rent, Flanagan?" he asks. Flanagan sighs heavily, and assumes an aspect of deep distress. "Shure, your honour, the times is cruel hard, and it's wanting to do my duty I am, but it's a mighty difficult thing to scrape a few pounds together," he answers. "Well, and what do you propose to do, Flanagan?" "Well, your honour, I wish it was my rent I could pay, the whole fifteen pounds of it; but scrape and scrape as I might it's only the ten pound note I could get together, and I had to sell the pigs to make that." Flanagan exhibits the note, but is reluctant to part with it, and looks at it lovingly, though he cannot read the inscription. "That's all I could find by all of pinching and scraping, your honour, and I was hoping that, seeing how bad the times is, your honour might be plazed to forget the rent for the half-year, for the crops is nothing, and it's buying everything I'll have to be." The landlord, however, stretched out his hand for the note. "Times are hard, Flanagan, as you say, though your crops are scarcely as bad, I fancy, as you make out. I'm afraid I must take the ten pounds, but I'll give you the change. You have taken the wrong note out of your cash-box; this is one for £100."

To hit three animals with one cartridge looks at first sight like excellent shooting. It depends, however, to a very great extent what the animals are, and the feat performed in this direction last week is, on the whole, more remarkable than commendable. At one discharge a gentleman slew a rabbit, a ferret, and very effectively peppered a keeper. A party were rabbiting, and the keeper was kneeling on the ground by a burrow. A rabbit ran out right past him, and with deadly aim the sportsman blazed away. The rabbit tumbled over, the keeper howled, and putting his hand into his hind pocket produced the corpse of a ferret, which, the moment before, had been consigned to that might have been looked on as a place of safety. It is, doubtless, better and cheaper to hit a keeper than an uncle from whom you have expectations, but it does not come legitimately under the head of sport.

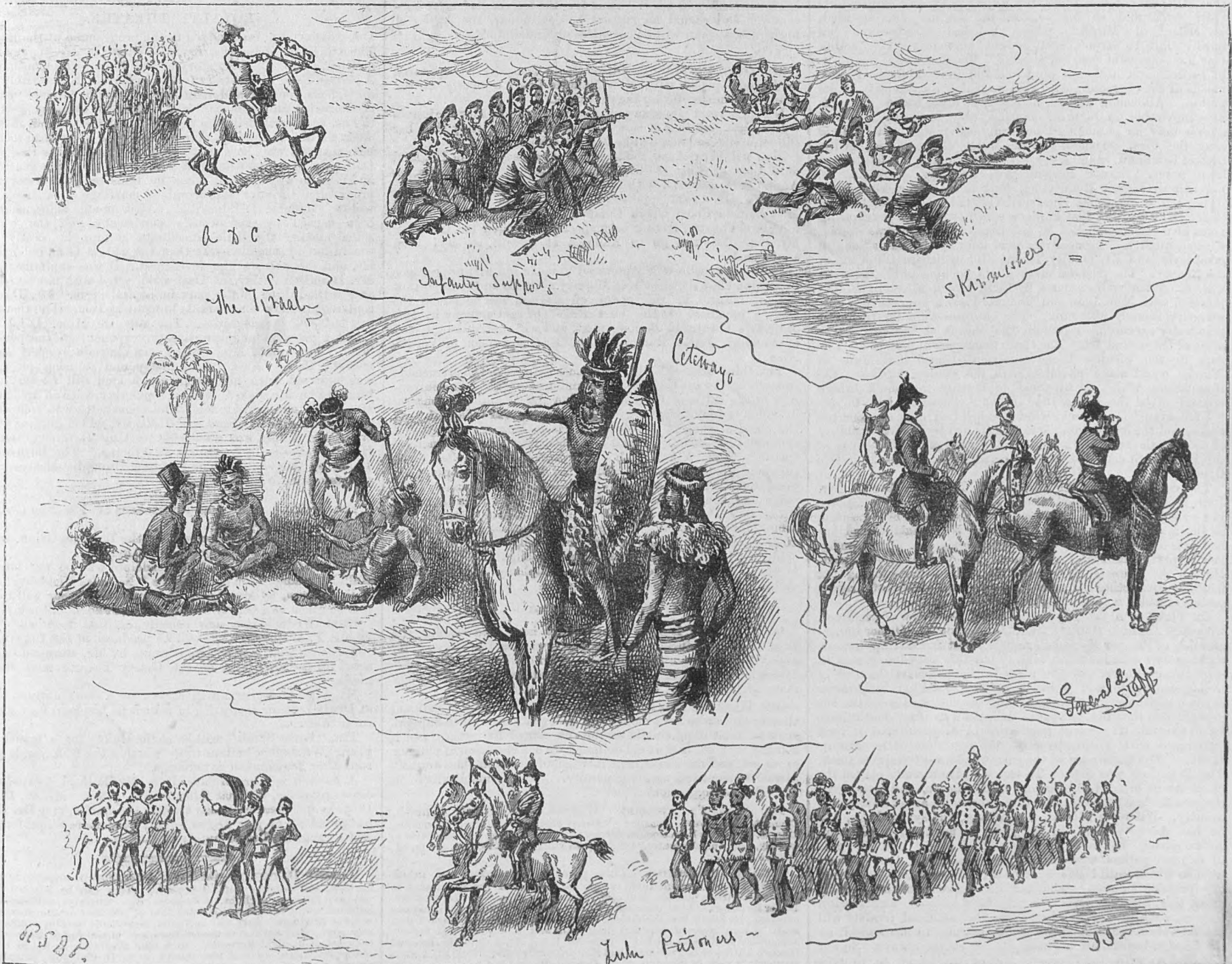
FOR ingenuity of conception I never heard of a better way of marking a dog than the following, and I am assured by a skilful veterinarian that the pain occasioned to the animal—the only thing that seemed to me to detract from the merit of the idea—is of the very slightest:—"Some years ago a farmer in Washington," *Forest and Stream* relates, "recognised a fine setter that had been given to him when a pup, in the street. He seized his lost dog, and was assailed by the person who had got possession of him. 'This is my dog, gentlemen, and you don't take him from me,' he said; and after a wrangle the parties were taken before a magistrate. 'Jedge, this is my dog,' the farmer said, 'and I can prove it to you.' So he

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CARRIER PIGEONS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉE, PARIS.



CAVALRY SPORTS AT CANTERBURY.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday last the autumnal season of Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre commenced with a representation of Verdi's latest opera, *Aida*, and the theatre was filled to overflowing. Mme. Marie Roze appeared, for the first time in England, in the rôle of *Aida*, in which she had achieved a great success during her operatic tour in the United States. On Saturday last she was naturally nervous on appearing before a London audience in a character with which the name of Mme. Adelina Patti has long been associated, but her success was unquestionable. In appearance and manner she characteristically represented the luckless Ethiopian princess, and her acting was unaffectedly pathetic. The trying high notes in the finales were bright and powerful, and her mezza-voce singing was thoroughly satisfactory. Both in her singing and acting there were minor defects visible, but her impersonation surpassed expectation, and she may be congratulated on having won a legitimate success in an exacting rôle. The Amneris was Mme. Trebelli, who has never been equalled in this character. She sang her music exquisitely, and her acting was full of grace and power. Her impersonation would have been more completely satisfactory had she coloured her face, so as to look of the same complexion as the King, her father, and the other Egyptian personages of the Court. In this respect she was set a good example by Mme. Marie Roze, whose face had been tinted dark olive. Signor Frapolli was not a satisfactory Radamès. His lower notes were so weak, that when singing below G he was inaudible in the concerted music, and it must be remembered that Verdi has written the part of Radamès for a *tenore di forza*, capable of singing effective notes in the lowest register of the tenor voice. Signor Frapolli had full command of high notes, but shouted rather than sang them, and on this occasion, both as singer and actor, he was less successful than when he played the same part a few months back. Signor Pantaleoni, as Ammasro, made a decided success. His acting showed a tendency to exaggeration, and he frequently sang to the audience what should have been addressed to personages on the stage; but of the latter fault he will probably soon be cured, and exuberance of action and gesture may be deemed preferable to the listless indifference exhibited by Signor Frapolli when not actually engaged in singing. Signor Pinto (Ramphis) has a good basso-profondo voice, and sings well, but his intonation was not always correct. Signor Susini, as the King, sang better in tune than usual. The choruses were in some instances faultily executed, and the band was not fully up to the mark. Signor Li Calsi conducted carefully and skilfully, the *mise en scène* was excellent, and the opera was well received by the large audience.

On Monday last Mme. Ilma di Murska made her re-appearance, after a long absence from England, and selected for her *rentrée* the rôle of Dinorah, associated with the greatest triumphs of her brilliant career as a bravura singer of the highest rank. She met with a cordial reception, and elicited warm applause on many occasions. Her voice has lost power and quality in the middle register, but retains its clearness and brilliancy in the highest register. Her execution of ascending scales and chromatic passages appeared to be less finished than formerly, but her staccato singing and her shake were as excellent as ever. In the Shadow Song she aroused the enthusiasm of her audience, and was compelled to repeat the last movement. Now that Mlle. Marimon has left Her Majesty's Opera Company, its chief attraction, so far as bravura singing is concerned, is Mme. di Murska, whose polished vocalisation can hardly fail to attract and delight amateurs. Her acting was less successful than her singing. She never appeared to be in earnest, and although animated and graceful in the lighter moods of the character, she failed to realise the intensity of its pathos. Allowance should, however, be made for the nervousness inevitable on such an occasion, and Mme. di Murska's *rentrée* may be pronounced decidedly successful. Mlle. Lido sang the First Goatherd's music well. Mme. Pisani, as the Second Goatherd, sang acceptably when she had not to attempt high notes. Signor Frapolli was tolerably successful as Corentino. Signor Rota (Hoel) sang in his invariably artistic style, but it cannot be concealed that his voice exhibits signs of deterioration, and that in place of sonorous and penetrating notes he is often compelled to substitute the *voix blanche*—sound without quality. Signor Franceschi sang the Hunter's Song in good style, and Mr. Dudley Thomas did justice to the song of the Reaper. The pastoral music at the opening of the third act was altogether well executed by these two gentlemen, in conjunction with Mlle. Lido and Madame Pisani, and the quartett was exceptionally well sung. The choruses were for the most part badly executed, especially the chorus at the commencement of the second act. The stage management was bad. The rock in the Shadow Scene was so ill-placed that Mme. di Murska could make no effect with the shadow business; the thunderbolt which is supposed to destroy the plank bridge arrived after the bridge had fallen; Corentino had to say "Undici ore" (11 o'clock) when the bell had only sounded ten times, and the inundation scene was spoiled by the impossibility of causing the two floodgates to come fully apart. Defects of this kind ought not to be visible in performances at Her Majesty's Opera.

The conductor was the husband of Mme. di Murska, Mr. John Hill, formerly a student of the Royal Academy of Music. For some years past this gentleman has occupied a high position in the musical circles of Australia and New Zealand, and has had much experience as an operatic conductor. On Monday last he proved himself to be thoroughly qualified for his part. He had the score at his finger-ends, and his unassuming but masterly conducting did much to promote the success of a representation which was in many respects unsatisfactory.

On Tuesday night Bizet's perennial *Carmen* was produced, with Mlle. Minnie Hauk in the title-character. Of her impersonation of Prosper Merimée's naughty but fascinating heroine nothing now remains to be said. On this occasion it was as captivating as ever, and she reaped her customary harvest of well-merited applause. Since she first appeared in this character it has found other representatives of unquestionable merit, but it is possible that Bizet's opera—delightful as it is—might have failed to attain its present popularity in England had it been introduced with a less attractive *Carmen* than Mlle. Minnie Hauk. The remainder of the cast was in most respects fresh. The Don José was Signor Tecchi, who has already played the character on one or two occasions at this house, and is in some respects the best representative of the character as yet seen in this country. His voice is clear, penetrating, and sympathetic, and he has been trained in a good school. His phrasing is excellent, he always sings in tune, and is able to express pathos without having recourse to the artificial tremolo which until lately was the accepted conventional mode of expressing emotion. Thanks to the influence of the English press, this nuisance has recently been abated, and foreign singers, warned that indulgence in the artificial tremolo will entail on them critical censure if they attempt to introduce it on the London boards, are beginning to reform their ways. Signor Tecchi acts with intelligence, and seems likely to prove a

valuable acquisition. Mlle. Lido, as Micaela, acquitted herself well, so far as vocalisation was concerned, but her acting was that of a tyro. Confidence will arrive with experience, and she may aspire to a good position. The bull-fighter, Escamillo, was impersonated by Signor Pantaleoni, who at every fresh appearance becomes more advanced in public favour. His powerful voice told well in the music of the part, and his acting was vigorous, without vulgarity or exaggeration. The minor parts were filled by Mlle. Stelzner and Barnadelli (Frasquita and Mercedes), Signor Franceschi (Zuniga), Signor Bignardi and Zoboli (Remendado and Dancaïro). Mlle. Stelzner and Signor Franceschi were all that could be desired. Signori Bignardi and Zoboli did their best, but were vocally unequal to their tasks, and the piquant quintett of the second act was consequently spoiled. The choral singing was again unsatisfactory, and the band was not up to the usual mark. Possibly the recent adoption of the French "diapason normal" may have created temporary difficulties between the "pipes and strings" at Her Majesty's Opera, and we may look for better results hereafter. Perhaps the lowering of the pitch has deprived the orchestral accompaniments of their former brilliancy. It is certain that on this occasion the orchestral portions of Bizet's music were less effective than usual. The combat between José and Escamillo was an absurdly tame affair, but in other respects the stage management was satisfactory. Signor Li Calsi conducted with unflinching care and ability.

On Wednesday night Mme. Ilma di Murska made her second appearance. The opera was Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Mme. di Murska won signal triumphs ten years back. On this occasion she showed herself to be a great artist, and many of the vocal feats she accomplished were worthy of her high reputation. It nevertheless became apparent that she no longer possesses that command of power in the middle register of the voice, which is essential in the delivery of *cantilene*, and in the expression of pathos. In many portions of the concerted music she was inaudible, even when she had to sing the "top line" to which the attendant harmonies were attached, and her low notes appear to be completely lost. Yet she was able on many occasions to delight her audience. The upper notes of her voice are as sympathetic and brilliant as ever; in the music of the "mad scene" her execution of staccato passages, shakes, and intricate *tours de force* awakened enthusiastic applause; and on many other occasions she executed vocal embellishments with a finish of style which could hardly be surpassed. Her acting was graceful and impressive, and her impersonation of Lucia was received with tokens of warm approval. Though she no longer retains all the vocal powers which were formerly at her command, she is still a great artist, and her brilliant bravura singing cannot fail to gratify her hearers. The veteran Brignoli once more essayed the rôle of Edgardo. He sang in the purest style of the old Italian school, and although his voice no longer retains its pristine charm, his impersonation of Edgardo was more acceptable than those of half the unfledged tenors who have nothing but their fresh voices to recommend them, and who attempt leading operatic rôles before they have learned how to sing. Signor Pantaleoni, as Enrico, sang and acted excellently, and Mr. Thomas, as Arturo, and Signor Antonucci, as Raimondo, acquitted themselves satisfactorily.

Aida was repeated on Thursday, *Mignon* was announced for Friday, and *Faust* for this evening. *La Sonnambula* is announced for Monday next, *Il Trovatore* for Tuesday, and *Il Don Giovanni* for Wednesday. Thus far the season has been successful; and should its success be continuous, the régime of high-priced opera will be considerably undermined.

MR. OLM, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, has appeared as Mephistopheles with Miss Blanche Cole's company at the Standard Theatre during the past week.

MME. GARDIN GERSTER will be unable to join Her Majesty's Opera Company in America this season. It is likely that her substitute in America will be Mlle. Marimon.

MISS ANNETTA ALBU made her first appearance in England on Friday evening at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, as Amina in *Sonnambula*, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

MR. F. H. CELLI appeared as Don José in *Maritana*, with Miss Blanche Cole's Opera Company, on Thursday last, at the Standard Theatre, having been specially engaged for the part. Mr. Celli does not go to America at present, as had been announced.

MR. CONLY, who was announced to make his first appearance in England last night at Her Majesty's Opera in the important rôle of Lotario, in the opera of *Mignon*, will be one of the leading members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre in January next, and will undertake the part of the High Priest Ramphis in the English version of Verdi's *Aida*.

The third week of M. Riviére's successful series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden will terminate to-night (the anniversary of the battle of Balacaya) with a grand military concert, in which ten military bands in full uniform will take part. At the classical concert on Wednesday last, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Sterndale Bennett's 4th concerto for the pianoforte (pianist, Mme. Viard-Louis), Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture and *Cornelius* march, with other interesting works, were presented. The vocalists were Miss Emma Thursby, who made her usual success in the difficult aria from Mozart's *Belmonte e Costanza*, Miss E. Webster, Signor Vergara, and Mme. Mary Cummings, who gained an enthusiastic encore in Herr Louis Engel's new song "Farewell," with harmonium obligato by the composer, and harp obligato by Miss Annie Wade. M. Riviére conducted the symphony and the other orchestral works in his accustomed style.

On Wednesday last the horses which have been running the Brighton Coach during the past season were sold by Messrs. W. and S. Freeman at Aldridge's. There were fifty-one lots, averaging 44 guineas. The highest figure was given for a bay mare by Diophantus, which realised 84 guineas.

MR. HARE suggests in the *Times* that instead of a national theatre those who have money and generosity enough to support such an institution, should establish a school for acting, which is badly wanted, and would do much for the elevation of playing as an art, and the consequent increase of the high class drama's attractiveness to playgoers generally. There is much virtue in Mr. Hare's suggestion.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. — From Mr. Thresh, Chemist, High-street, Buxton: "Many cures of Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Colds have come under my notice. No other medicine cures so quickly, safely or pleasantly." Sold by all Druggists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box. — [ADVT.]

POMADE TRICHOPHILE. — This pomade, the result of much patient research, is an infallible remedy for diseases of the scalp, such as dandruff, redness, pimples, falling off of the hair, premature baldness, &c. Under its influence local circulation is accelerated and all morbid secretions expelled not driven into the system, as is the case with most of the nostrums sold. Every trace of dandruff disappears and a brilliant and flexible appearance is given to the hair. Price No. 1, 6s.; No. 2, 6s., to be obtained through all Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, or direct from the French Hygienic Society, 59, Conduit-street, London, W. — [ADVT.]

DRAMA.

THE COURT THEATRE.

MR. BYRON has been called in to the Court Theatre, and, to carry out the medical simile, he has administered one of the most familiar articles in his pharmacopoeia. That is to say, he has given Mr. Barrett a play with a shadowy, uninteresting plot, but written in his wildest and most amusing fashion. You laugh all through the piece, and when you get home you wonder what made you do so, while the memories of it are very vague and indistinct. The plot of *Courtship, or the Three Caskets* is as follows:—Millicent Vivian is a "young lady of wealth," as the playbill says, and she has three suitors: first Claude De Courcy a penniless aristocrat, who loves her for her money, secondly Phineas Gubbins, a vulgarian, who loves her because she has a "family tree," and thirdly, Edward Trentham, a young country gentleman, who loves her for herself, but is too proud to propose, because the lady has too much money. Instigated by a friend of the family named Blatchford, Miss Vivian tells her suitors that she has lost her money, and that her pedigree is not what they thought it to be. The loss of the money discomferts De Courcy, who retires, and Gubbins also backs out, when he finds there is no family tree, or at all events, only, a "shady one." Trentham alone is faithful, and glad to propose when he thinks Miss Vivian has no money. Here ends the second act, and here it seems the play should end also, but the exigencies of a modern theatre demand three acts at the least, so Mr. Byron has to go on. In act the third, of course Trentham has to be undeceived, and he immediately flies into a terrific rage on discovering that the girl he loves has more money than he possesses himself, though he has somewhat inconsequently just told her that his own means are better than she expected. In order, then, to calm this gold-despising maniac down, the artful Mr. Blatchford lets him into a secret which has been troubling us all through the piece, viz., why with a very white wig does he show a rim of black hair underneath it. It turns out that this Blatchford is Miss Vivian's uncle, and the heir to the property she holds, though not a shadow of a reason is given for this concealment of his identity, save that the ingenious author was rather hard pushed to contrive his last act. Thus all ends well, and Mr. Trentham's ardour for impecuniosity is appeased. The story is a very improbable one, and the characters do all sorts of impossible things, but nevertheless the comedy is very amusing. It is full of jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, and was certainly heartily enjoyed by a large audience. Mr. Coghlan played Trentham with earnestness and force, Mr. Wilson Barrett was effective as De Courcy, while Mr. Anson was exceedingly funny as Gubbins, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed the broad comedy of the part. Miss Amy Roselle was an acceptable heroine, and Mrs. Leigh Murray deserves commendation for careful acting. Mr. Reeves Smith played cleverly in a small part, and other characters were fairly sustained. The piece was received with much applause, and Mr. Byron and its chief exponents were called at the conclusion.

A new comedieta by Mr. H. A. Jones, entitled *A Clerical Error*, preceded the comedy. It has a rather familiar plot, in which an old parson makes love to his ward, and then finds out she cares for a younger suitor. It was well interpreted by Mr. Wilson Barrett, as the Vicar, and by Mr. Anson, as one of the comic butlers of the stage, a very impossible personage, who, nevertheless, is always successful in provoking laughter.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

A NOVELTY has been added to the programme at the Royalty Theatre in the shape of a new comedieta by Mr. Walter Lisle, entitled, *Mem. 7*. The story of the piece is an amusing one. A certain Esme Dashwood, a young man suffering terribly from *ennui*, feels, like Owen Meredith's hero, that he has had "enough of simpering and grimace," and finding his own day a burden to him, hails with delight a pocket-book he has found, in which a certain Mr. Temperley, a gentleman with a very bad memory, has mapped out how he intends to spend his time. Mr. Dashwood is a somewhat fast and impudent young gentleman, and is in no way abashed when he finds out that Temperley's programme includes a proposal of marriage to a fascinating widow, Madame D'Edgeville. After much amusement has been caused by Dashwood's persistency and the widow's astonishment, the little comedieta is brought neatly to a conclusion by the discovery that the widow is an old flame of his, and she accepts him in earnest. It was capably played. Mr. Hamilton Astley, as Dashwood, acted with much vivacity, and rattled through the part in capital style. Mr. Desmond contrived to show considerable humour as Temperley, though he had but few opportunities. The rôle of Mme. D'Edgeville found a graceful and sympathetic exponent in the person of Miss Vane, and Miss Ward was charmingly pert as the *soubrette* Rose. *Mem. 7* is a pretty and amusing piece, and was received with much applause, a loud call for the author bringing on Mr. Saker, the stage manager, with an apology for Mr. Lisle's non-appearance. The comedieta was followed by the popular comedy *Crutch and Toothpick*, which goes as well as ever. Mr. Astley was admirable as Guy Devereux, and Mr. Horatio Saker really humorous as Fibbins. The burlesque of *Venus*, by Messrs. Rose and Harris, brought the evening's entertainment to a conclusion.

THERE will be a morning performance of *The Iron Chest* this afternoon (Saturday).

THE Drury Lane pantomime, by the Brothers Grinn, will be on the time-honoured subject of *Blue Beard*.

THE next production at the Adelphi will be the late Mr. Halliday's adaptation of Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."

Daisy Farm, by Mr. Byron, in which the author will appear, will be given at a Gaiety *matinée* this afternoon (Saturday).

NEXT Wednesday a new comedy, entitled *Light and Shade*, by Mr. F. W. Broughton, will be produced at the Imperial.

Unlimited Cash, a new comic drama, by Mr. Burnand, will be acted for the first time at the Gaiety Theatre next Monday night.

MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD will appear for a short autumn season at Drury Lane in *Henry V.*, in which he has been very successful in America.

THE "Great Sarah" will be at the Gaiety for a month next year. We shall be curious to see whether the fashionable public runs after her as much as heretofore.

A BENEFIT is being organised for Mr. Belford, a capable and deserving actor, who has fallen on bad times. Messrs. Charles Dickens and Clement Scott, are the secretaries, and Mr. Irving has promised to play Digby Grant, once more—a performance which cannot fail to be highly attractive.

PERFECT DAYLIGHT.—CHAPPUIS' REFLECTORS supersede gas in daytime, and improve natural daylight. They can be adapted to any window, fanlight, skylight, area-light, &c., wherever natural light is impeded, owing to the bad construction of premises or the proximity of walls or buildings. They will be found to promote health, comfort, and economy. They can also be used as screens or blinds and at the same time they act as daylight diffusers. More than 30,000 are in use in London. For prospectuses, address two stamps to S. D. Chappuis, patentee and manufacturer, 69, Fleet-street, London. — [ADVT.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A DAY AT SHOEBOURNNESS.

Shoebournness is situated at the mouth of the River Thames on the Essex coast. It is distant from Southend about five miles. The road or path by the beach between these two places is, on a fine day, exceedingly pleasant, although rather rough and stony. Shoebournness is a sort of *terra incognita* to most people. Many form their sole ideas of the place from what they have seen of it from the deck of a steamer when passing up or down the river. It is supposed to be a very flat, marshy, amphibious sort of place, neither good salt water nor sound dry land. This is a mistake, however. The scenery is picturesque and the gently sloping hills are well wooded.

Upon visiting this place a great number of very interesting objects can be seen. Here are the remains of former trials of guns *versus* armour, in which the verdict seems to have resulted in heavy damages against the defendant, so terribly are the targets knocked and battered about. Batteries of all kinds are to be seen with the guns standing in apparent readiness with all appliances in admirable order. One huge structure, built of timber, represents the port-hole of a ship; in another place can be seen the Monieriff pits for the guns of that name. Shot, shell, and guns, of all kinds, makes, and sizes, lie around. The 80-ton gun stands on the beach close to the water, about a mile from the commencement of the Government ground. It points nearly in a line with the shore, and has a range over an extent of mud and sand that stretches here at low water as far as the eye can reach. To-day it is lying idle, and little children play about it, scrambling over the monster and striving who can climb the highest or leap the farthest from its sides.

The screen or scaffold shown in the drawing is made of old targets and was put there to break the force of the explosion which would otherwise damage the houses beyond the bank.

DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Careful as is the shooter's aim at the "antlered monarch of the glen," the bullet is not fatal, but he is so sorely wounded that the hounds are soon up with him. Their courage, however, is greater than their discretion, and wounded as the stag is, he has a dangerous amount of fight left in him. One of his assailants he pins to the earth. Another bullet, better directed, finally lays him low, and he is tied securely upon the back of the pony, which has been brought in the hopes of bearing home such a gallant burden. The successful stalker refreshes himself from a capacious flask, while the unwounded dog, with subdued and terrified manner, inspects the body of his dead companion. Kilts are seldom worn nowadays by deer-stalkers, those who do not know the site of the sketch, and who know something of the sport, will probably remark; but the fact of the men wearing kilts will give those who are familiar with Scotland a hint as to the locality illustrated.

SCENE FROM VERDI'S "AIDA."

The popularity of Verdi's latest opera constantly increases, and a house crowded in every part assembled on Saturday evening, when Her Majesty's opened for the winter season with this impressive and magnificent work. In another column its revival will be dealt with critically, and it need only here be said that the scene depicted is in the third act. *Aida* has won from her lover Radamès the secret of his plans against her father's country, incited to do so by the captive King, and the jealous Amneris, who loves Radamès, appears at the critical moment and brings about the capture of the false Egyptian commander.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Our illustration is of some recent experiments with carrier pigeons in the Champs Elysées, Paris, which were duly noticed at the time of their occurrence, and will be well within the recollection of our readers.

CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Few animals have so strange a history as that of the cat is. Worshipped as a god by the ancient Egyptian, who, when his cat died, gave it a state funeral and ceremoniously mourned the loss, and who, when a fire took place in his house, first hastened to convey his cats to a place of security, and afterwards took steps to save his wife and children; despised, hated, and brutally treated in latter times; cruelly illused and tortured as the victim of gross superstitions; described by Buffon as "a selfish and faithless servant, whose predatory and robber-like disposition has not been totally eradicated, but only modified by a careful education into the flattering duplicity of a knave"; preferred to the dog by Rousseau, because while puss preserved her freedom and independence the dog was man's willing slave; beloved of Petrarch; the friend of Mahomet, whose disciples built hospitals for cats, and who preferred cutting off the sleeve of his outer garment to disturbing his favourite grimalkin; lauded to the highest in the poems of Madame Deshoulières and Gugot Desherbières; bought and sold as a choice acquisition at the highest price amongst the ancient Britons; regarded as the daintiest of culinary dishes amongst the negroes of Jamaica; the indispensable companion of the witch; the destined companion of ancient virgins in another life—what a world of associations is conjured up in the mere idea of cats!

The first cat show was probably that opened in April, 1831, in Edinburgh, but they were performing cats, and wonderful things they did. But of late cats have been exhibited simply as cats, and have proved sufficiently attractive to awaken public interest. The following are the names, ages, and owners of the sketches of prize winners made by our artist:—1, Mr. J. B. Hall's Russian, age 11 months; 2, Mrs. Newton's Tweeds, age 7 years and 4 months, with two kittens; 3, Miss Gresham's Two Kittens, age 2 months; Mrs. Cunliffe Lee's Siamese, age three months; 5, Mr. J. Smith's Chinchilla half-bred Persian tiger, age 4 years; 6, Mrs. Knowles' heaviest short-haired cat, age 12 years; 7, Miss A. Corney's Bob, age 6 years. The show opened on the 15th inst. and closed on the second day. The judges were Mr. W. B. Tegetmeyer and Mr. George Billett.

CAVALRY SPORTS AT CANTERBURY.

On Tuesday last the Cavalry *dépat* at Canterbury held their athletic sports. The day was propitious, and the crowd of visitors to the barracks was a large one. The sports, which were of the usual kind, went off most successfully, but the great hit of the day was the Zulu battle that took place in the afternoon. After the "ting of war," which, by the way, was easily won by a splendid team of the "carabinieri," the course, or, rather, the greater part of the barrack square, was cleared for the fight. Wandering with the crowd to one corner of the ground we came upon a well-built Zulu kraal, surrounded by young Zulus, dressed, or rather *undressed*, in the most approved style: so like the "real thing" were they that one lady was heard to ask, "And which is Mr. Farini?" Presently Cetewayo appears

upon the scene, mounted, and accompanied by more warriors. Shortly afterwards a scout comes running in, and makes his report; instantly all is activity. The warriors, who were sitting about, leap up and get their weapons; more come out from the interior of the kraal, until there is a goodly muster round the king. They then proceed to execute a war dance amid discordant music and war cries that were enough to frighten the bravest enemy. Suddenly Cetewayo stops them, and draws their attention to a small knot of horsemen in the distance, which turns out to be a British general and his staff. A small party of Zulus thereupon rush out in skirmishing order, and at some distance from the kraal proceed to await the approach of the general; but he has already seen the kraal, and sends out an aide to reconnoitre; on he comes galloping straight for the Zulus anxiously waiting for him, nearer and nearer, till suddenly he catches sight of them, and only just in time, for as he wheels sharply round a volley is fired at him, but he is off like the wind back to the general, who, on receiving his report, sends off another galloper to the rear. In a few minutes the Lancers make their appearance, and dashing forward, dismount in skirmishing order, and open fire on the Zulus. The main body of the Zulus now move forward to the support of their skirmishers, and opening rapidly out into, semicircle threatening both flanks of the Lancers, advance to the attack. The general sends off several orderlies to hurry the infantry up, and gives orders to the Lancers to fall back, which they do in good order, and hold the enemy in check, till at last the infantry come up at a smart "double" to their assistance. Now commences a furious battle; the infantry arranged in regular lines of skirmishers, supports, and reserves, with the Lancers in rear, make an attack on the Zulu lines, but unsuccessfully, for not only are they stopped, but are even driven back in some confusion, followed by their elated enemies, whooping most savagely, till they are rallied by the general, and, making a gallant stand, are able in their turn to withstand the attacking force. The general now sends off one wing of the Lancers to the right and the other to the left, with orders to make a wide detour and bear down on the kraal from both sides. The infantry pour in several withering volleys and charge the enemy in front; a terrible hand-to-hand conflict takes place, till gradually the Zulus emerge from the smoke in full retreat. They endeavour to make one more stand at the kraal, but in vain, the Lancers are down on them from both sides, and there is nothing left for them but to fly. In another moment the kraal is in flames and its inhabitants in full flight, pursued by the victorious whites. The general and staff go off after Cetewayo, who, however, for a time escapes among the intricacies of the barracks, but at length his hiding-place is discovered. After a short but fierce resistance he is captured. The prisoners are then collected, and the army starts on its homeward march round the barracks, after a short address from the general. Though passing as "sport," it will be seen that the lessons to be learned from the sham fight were valuable to those concerned in it, and for this reason the mock combat, too serious a matter for "sport," was arranged.

SCENE FROM THE "QUEEN'S SHILLING."

The scene from the *Queen's Shilling* will be recognised by those who are familiar with the amusing, if not flawless, comedy. The trooper, in his proper character of a gentleman, is on the point of declaring himself to his enchantress when his commanding officer, Colonel Daunt, who is, or believes himself to be, engaged to the young lady, appears upon the scene. The parts are filled, as they were originally when the piece was given at the Court Theatre, by Mr. Hare, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

IN THE MILKY WAY.

THE DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, AND SUCCEEDING DAYS.

Under the management of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, the fourth annual show of cattle, poultry, agricultural machinery, and dairy produce opened as above, with a right excellent collection of entries, one indeed leaving little to be desired even by the promoters themselves. Setting aside for the present the question of quality altogether, in the matter of quantity alone the increase in the number of entries is over 200 in excess of those of last year, a sum in simple addition which must prove eminently satisfactory to all concerned. One of the features of the present exhibition, and upon which the management may be honestly congratulated, is the perfection to which they have brought the arrangements, the eye of the visitor on entering being forced, so to speak, to take in at a glance all that there is gathered for his amusement or instruction.

The whole of the central portion of the ground-floor is positively bright with butter, cheese, and dairy utensils, while the meek-eyed and sleek-coated cattle are ranged in stalls upon either side. Away in the southern corner are located the goats and kids; and to the galleries above have been relegated all the poultry tribe. In each and all of these departments the show is a large one, and I sincerely trust the financial results of this present exhibition will be such as will mark in a sterling way the appreciation of a well-served public, and its desire that the philanthropic operations of the Association may extend year by year.

If national pride could take offence in so friendly a contest, the dairy farmers of the British Isles might well feel humiliated in the fact that, though their exhibits comprise some really excellent specimens of butter and cheese, yet those which come from beyond the Channel, taken in the aggregate, are immeasurably superior. In the matter of cheese alone, though England still boasts its Cheddar, its Stilton, its Derby, its Cheshire, its Leicester and its Gloucester, all of these renowned makes, unhappily to tell, have come badly out in comparison with the *Petite Suisse*, or double *crème* of France, while, *mirabile dictu*, even America has now come to the front, and though she cannot yet take place with the Gorgonzola, Parmesan, or Roquefort cream cheeses, yet with her immense energy and her determination not to be beaten, it is a moot question if the fifty thousand tons of her cheese, exported to us in 1878 from her shores be not doubled or perhaps quadrupled in 1880, and the dairy farmers of Great Britain be not driven to sell milk as a last and poor resource, but one preferable to cheese making against foreign competition.

Now cheese making being a difficult and often laborious matter, and one at all times demanding the industrious attention not alone of the woman-kind of the farm, but of the farmer himself, perhaps it would not be out of place to give here a short outline of the many though homely processes by which milk becomes cheese in these British Isles. I say these British Isles advisedly for the day is not far distant when most, if not all, of the said homely workings will become things of the past, through the giant stride of science. Before dawn of day the fires are lighted under the boilers in the kitchen of the dairy farm, and the women of the household, having skimmed all the milk pans, pour the milk into a series of cheese tubs, first heating the milk by dipping the pans into the hot water within the boilers. Some

hours later the cream is mixed with the milk in the cheese tubs, then setting these to heat to required temperature, the rennet is poured in, and all through the long hours of that day are these women busy with the curd, salting, drawing, pressing, and finally setting it up, after colouring with annatto, between clean cloths in the presses which stand yawning to receive them. Then, day after day, come the cooling, turning, and pricking of the cloths, until, at the termination of several weeks, the finished article, in all its golden beauty, rejoices the hearts of those interested in its outcome.

The visitors to the Agricultural Hall can, if they wish it, witness a far and away more rapid process in cheese-making than the above, and an infinitely cleaner one, as I take it, by giving a half hour's attention to some ingenious dairy utensils, exhibited by R. Cluett, of Tarporey. Here can be witnessed the "heating up" after the skimming, the separation, the test of heat, the straining process, the agitating of the curds, the pressing, and finally the exhibition of the finished article. This latter gave rise to some indiscreet cravings on the part of visitors to taste; but as this was reserved for the judges, the would-be connoisseurs took on themselves to test *sub rosa* the merits of the exhibits, and some of them even went so far as to cut a magnificent cheese shown by the Society of the Caves of Roquefort, and so to spoil it for further exhibition, that a reward of £20 was offered for the names of the vandals who perpetrated the outrage. The utensils so rendering obsolete the old-time working may be enumerated thus: the steam cheese vat, the curd mill, the turning machine, the cheese press, the curd knives and agitators, and lastly the whey scoops and cheese hoops, cylindrical and round-bottomed, from all of which, if one tithe of the benefits claimed for them be derived, then indeed is an entire revolution in cheese-making looming in the not distant future.

In the next, and not less important, department of the manufacture of butter, the British Islands, and notably Ireland, are considerably in the rear. All of the foreign butter exhibits look better than English or Irish, not because they are of superior quality; but because of the greater care taken in the management, and the cleanliness in their manipulation, they are more acceptable to the market. The sooty, smutty, old-fashioned firkins of Great British and Irish dairy farms look grim and forbidding enough beside the sweet, fresh, furze-blossom tinted rolls from Normandy, or the pretty baskets surrounding luscious pots, where the golden emollient peeps out so coquettishly from fresh green leaves which find their way to us from Germany, or the tiny but wholesomely clean packages of Danish making up; no, and with all reverence be it spoken, not even from Her Gracious Majesty's dairy at Windsor could British butter secure more than one second and two third-class prizes.

Knowing of the good old Irish *apl o'ism*, which, alas! I fear, is not always too well remembered—viz., that a moist or hot-handed dairywoman should never touch butter in the making—the simplicity and thorough cleanliness of the American mode of butter-making, as I viewed it, might be thought all that is desirable. A small wooden churn, inexpensive and easily worked; a wooden kneader, brightness and purity in itself; and lastly a packing apparatus, and there you have your butter in thin snowy wooden cases without hand of man or woman having ever come in contact with it from the time it was milk under the skimmer.

Another ingenious set of butter-making machines is exhibited by Edward Ahlborn. Here, as shown in the illustration, the churning and kneading processes are almost one with the American, but the churn itself is much more difficult to work and more complicated in detail. In this department is the mechanical separator, which seems to attract attention, not alone from unversed visitors, but from those learned in the arts and mysteries of the butter-making trade. People say of it that it takes away all the cream, and leaves the milk, which might be made into cheese, useless. Of this I cannot speak, but I found, on tasting, the residue is very palatable indeed.

Of the live stock, I should say the Jerseys made incomparably the best show, the Ayrshires came next, and I am sure I am safe in saying the Keries held no place inferior to any that came after; Mr. Good, of Aherlow, Co. Cork, taking first and second prize with Kathleen and Blossom, while Mr. Robertson of Malahide, and Mr. R. Kirchoffer of Macroom, had also Kerry exhibits. The judges were Mr. Chas. Howard of Biddenham, Mr. W. T. Carrington of Uttoxeter, Mr. Geo. Thompson of Templemore, Mr. Dunlop of Hendon, Mr. Ross of Hatfield, Mr. Freeman of Wandsworth, and Mr. Barber of Burgess-hill, and taking their fiat as recorded in the 16 classes exhibited, Her Majesty, the Queen, takes 1st prize with a shorthorn heifer, bred on the Prince Consort's Show Farm, the Ayrshires and the Jerseys come next, so that my judgment must after all be taken *cum grano salis*, as I judged from beauty perhaps more than from usefulness or worth. Mr. Sturges has grouped the winners into a picture.

The goat and kid department shows little increase over last year. The exhibits were then 12, and are now 15. But a new society, called the British Goat Society, has just now been started, and by this time next year perhaps there will be still better results to show. In Ireland, where no such fostering association obtains, butter from goat's milk is nothing at all of a rarity, the milk being often churned in a bottle by the mountaineers, or in a small and simple churn of wood. Ah! here it is that—

While yet the morning mists are throng,
And high in heaven the lark is seeking
The sun gates with a glory song
Of welcome to the May-dawn's breaking;
The wrinkled crone, with elf-locks bare,
May turn her neighbours' mirth to mourning,
And snatch by charm and devil-prayer
The golden fruits of all their churning.

In the bull department, the Marquis of Exeter took 2nd prize with his celebrated shorthorns. Many visitors must have been puzzled by the legend over the judges' heads, which ran:—"Go as you please match. Persons betting on these premises will be expelled by the police, and prosecuted according to law?"

In conclusion, if the kind gentleman, who patronisingly offered to commission me "tew paynt his fower Jersy kyows at foive shilling a head loike," ever casts his eyes over these pages, will he kindly accept my grateful thanks, and my excuses for the distinguished animal painter connected with this journal, to whom I offered to transfer the commission, gently but emphatically declined.

W. FITZGERALD.

MISS ANNIE POOLE.

WE regret to say that up to the moment of going to press the notice which should have accompanied this engraving had not reached us.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]



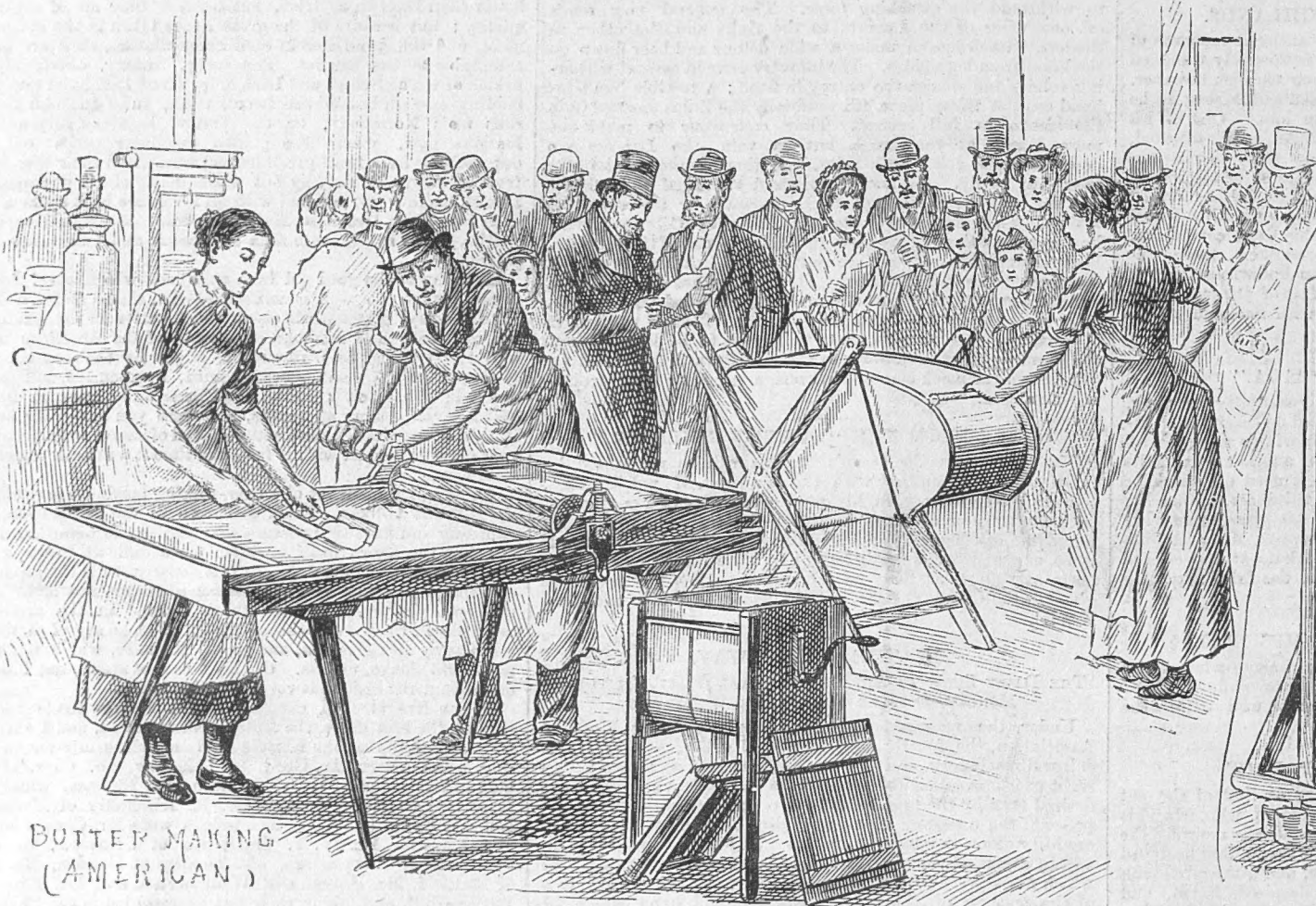
HEATING UP



CHEESE MILL



PUTTING CHEESE IN VAT



BUTTER MAKING
(AMERICAN)



BUTTER MAKING

THE CREAM SEPARATER

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R. W. Macleod, Clare, was fourth; H. Nichols, St. John's, sixth, and B. O. Dickinson, Jesus, last. The annual invitation race, distance four miles, takes place on Saturday, W. T. Thorn (London B.C.), C. Palmer (Birmingham), J. W. Sharp (Croydon), A. P. Shaw (Civil Service), J. R. Hamilton (Druids), G. H. Hillier (Stanley), H. S. Clarke, F. F. Tower, and C. E. Pollock, all King's College, Cambridge, O. P. Fisher (Jesus), R. W. Macleod (Clare), and F. G. Mayer (St. John's) having accepted the invite. I should not be surprised to find the Croydon rider show a fair performance.

Little credit is attached to anyone concerned in the Keen v. Stanton business at the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday. On a prepared path Keen was longer by three seconds in completing fifty miles than H. S. Clarke, in the Cambridge University Road Race last Monday. Stanton finally retired at a few yards in excess of seventy-six miles, and Keen, being then three-quarters of a mile in front, was informed he might stop, his time for the seventy-six miles being given as 4h 56min 9sec. When such an advertisement as the following appears one expects something like a performance:—"Great 100 miles match, previous to these men starting for America, for a champion belt, value £50, and £50 in money for the winner, &c. Both men have backed themselves to beat record time on this the last occasion of their appearing in public," &c. However, Keen no doubt knew on the authority of C. Bedford as time-keeper and De Vere as lap-scorer he would not get the credit if he did it.

Rather ingenious the attempt to get over the fact that the track in the Astley mix competition was short, by the following statement:—"There is no doubt that Rowell and Weston, by reversing their order of going, as they did repeatedly, quite made up for the deficiency in the measurement." Why not acknowledge at once that there was great carelessness shown somewhere, by the fact that the chain, tape, or wheel, whichever should have been at hand was not run over the track by the officials before the start? It is somewhat refreshing to hear that the next contest will not take place for another five months.

At the ripe old age of seventy-four, after only two days illness, a veteran member of the Marylebone C.C., who held the post of treasurer since 1866, Mr. Thos. Burgoyne, passed away to his final rest on Saturday, October 11. Kind and affable to all with whom he was brought in contact, he will be universally regretted.

To-day, Wednesday, according to latest advices, Daft's team should be playing the Gentlemen of Ireland at New York, and "the wearers of the green," I should fancy, will suffer the fate of the others who have opposed this grand eleven.

Elliott evidently holds the trump card now in his paper warfare with Boyd whatever the other side may say; at any rate there is a more genuine "ring" to his challenge.

G. D. Rowe, of University, was on Saturday last elected president of the O.U.B.C., and on Tuesday he had a trial crew out composed of the following: H. J. Bassett, Hertford, bow; R. F. R. Conder, St. Catherine's; E. N. Berryman, St. Mary Hall, F. W. Keith, St. Mary Hall; F. A. Richards, St. Catherine's; J. M. Buxton, Lincoln; J. N. Swann, Wadham; C. C. Mills, University, stroke, acting himself as cox.

Another week will see business brisk on both the Isis and Cam, the fours being out in daily practice.

Kempster and Blackman, and Godwin and Gibson are, it is stated, matched to row, the former on the Tyne championship course for £200, and the latter for £50 from Putney to Mortlake.

If the acceptances for the Alexandra Park Trotting Meeting next Monday and Tuesday include only a fair proportion of the entries there will be some sport worth witnessing.

At Barnsley, on Monday night, the local swimming society gave an entertainment which was well patronised. A club Six Lengths Handicap was won by R. Forbes, 27sec start; S. Sheard, of Leeds, 24sec, proved the victor in an open event of the same distance; A. S. Robinson won the Long Dive; R. Wardsworth, 25sec, the club Hurdle Handicap, through the disqualification of G. Lodge, 23sec, who came in first, but went before his time; and an Aquatic Tug of War fell to Barnsley, who were opposed by Leeds.

Harry Parker's Entertainment at the City of London Baths on Monday and Tuesday was a great success. The show part of the programme by the Professor, his sister Emily, and their one-legged pupil, was exceedingly clever.

Young Beckwith, so called to distinguish him from his father, attempted last Saturday night to eclipse at the Lambeth Baths all previous records at 100yds, 480yds, and 1000yds, and in two instances was successful. Previously the bests were 1000yds, E. T. Jones, at the Wellington Baths, Leeds, 15min 31½sec; 480yds, J. B. Johnson, 7min 14sec, at Lambeth; and 100yds, E. T. Jones, 1min 8½sec. "Willie" lowered the 1000yds and 480yds, doing them respectively in 7min 8 3-5sec and 15min 27 4-5sec, at one attempt, but after a rest he failed in the hundred by 2-5ths of a second, a pretty close fit.

Friendly rivalry is good in every branch of sport, and I witnessed two enjoyable evenings' swimming at Camden Town last week, when the Alliance and Regent Clubs swam an Amalgamated Handicap. The Alliance came out best, however, landing the two prizes presented by the committee of the opposing club, but the competition would take too much space for me to give in detail.

Whatever pastime is engaged in, it is almost invariably proved that Northerners, if not more enthusiastic, are yet more excitable, than Southerners, and therefore one cannot be surprised to find that close upon 4,000 spectators mustered at Darwen last Saturday to witness the match between the local association football team and a strong contingent from the Notts Forest Club, additional interest being vested in the result from the fact that the representatives of either society played up so well in the ties for the cup, presented to the Association by the Wanderers, last season. Fate was against the locals, as they were beaten, although far from disgraced, losing by three goals to one, yet twice they nearly lowered their opponent's fortress, the leather on two occasions hitting the cross-bar during the game, so that "a tie" was, as it were, only spoilt by a hair's breadth.

But a very poor company journeyed to Kennington Oval last Saturday to witness the match between the Wanderers and Old Foresters, and a well-contested struggle resulted in a draw, each team gaining a couple of goals.

Eton College is not doing well at present. On Saturday they suffered their second defeat, the Gitanos beating them by one goal to two "rouges."

Lancashire beat Staffordshire by a goal to "nil," at Halliwell, near Bolton, the same afternoon, after a closely-contested game.

Mr. G. Woodward, well known in the coursing world, having owned such good "longtails" as Wood Nymph, who got into the last four for this year's Waterloo Cup, Wayland Smith, Woodland King, Worth, White Veil, Wood Reeve, &c., died the other day, and will be much missed at Beckhampton, Avebury, Southminster, Rainham, and the various Berkshire réunions.

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.

THE VOLUNTEER NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Hudson's Horizon (J. Osborne), 1; Playfellow, 2; Westminster, 3. 12 ran.
THE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Maurice's Lady Fanciful (Buckshaw), 1; Governor, 2; Saxon, 3. 9 ran.
THE GREAT NORTH RIDING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Osborne's Brown George (Bell), 1; Badminton, 2; Sunnybrae, 3. 7 ran.
THE CROSBY WELTER SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Oblivion (Griffiths), 1; Little Bird, 2; Heather, 3. 8 ran.
THE MEMBERS' PLATE.—Captain Maxwell's Sir Francis (Mr. G. Steel), 1; Lincoln, 2; Sankey, 3. 6 ran.

FRIDAY.

THE BROOMFIELD NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Hall's Playfellow (J. E. Jones), 1; Queen of the Meadows, 2; Selred, 3. 8 ran.
THE NORTHALLERTON HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. S. Crompton's Tunstall Maid (Mr. Peacock), 1; Ormelie, 2. 2 ran.
THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Dickinson's Peerage (Bell), 1; Merle, 2; Saxon, 3. 9 ran.
THE NORTHALLERTON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Osborne's Brown George (W. Platt), 1; Concord, 2; Jollification, 3. 8 ran.
THE LANGTON HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Mr. B. Brown's Ariel (J. E. Jones), 1; Lady Fanciful, 2; Ivanhoe, 3. 10 ran.
THE HARKWOOD HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur (J. Osborne), 1; Aurelia, 2; Sunnybrae, 3. 5 ran.

SANDOWN PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE PADDOCK STAKES.—Mr. W. Gregory's Espada (Barratt), 1; Labrador, 2; Hilarion, 3. 9 ran.
THE WARREN HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Jennings's Paul's Cray (T. Jennings, jun.), 1; Iron Duke, 2; Fyris, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. E. Weaver's Maud (Greaves), 1; Alice Maud, 2; Mantlet, 3. 8 ran.
THE CORINTHIAN HANDICAP.—Sir G. Chetwynd's Abbot of St. Mary's (F. Webb), 1; Calabria, 2; The Scot, 3. 9 ran.
THE GREAT SADDLING PLATE.—Lord Hastings's Fire King (F. Archer), 1; Mirth, 2; Combat, 3. 15 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. F. D. Astley's Maryland (Mr. Port), 1; Rocket, 2; Falkenberg, 3. 6 ran.
THE FLYING PLATE.—Mr. D. Cooper's Strathavon (F. Archer), 1; Catherine, Seton, 2; Lyric, 3. 11 ran.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY.

THE TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. R. C. Naylor's Villager (Luke), 1; Advance, 2; The Pique colt, 3. 6 ran.
THE FIRST WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Paris's Stithery (Bendon), 1; My Delight, 2; Lady Blanche filly, 3. 8 ran.
THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. H. Tuckwell's Paramatta (F. Archer), 1; Victoria colt, 2; Gildersbeck, 3. 5 ran.
THE FLYING STAKES.—Mr. Jos. Dawson's Typhoon (C. Wood), 1; Merrythought, 2; Woodquest, 3. 14 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Colonel Forester's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; San Francisco, 2; Bowness, 3. 6 ran.
THE MONDAY NURSERY HANDICAP.—Lord Calthorpe's Hypatia (Fordham), 1; Privola, 2; Landrail, 3. 16 ran.
SWEEPSTAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Melfort (Constable), 1; Returns, 2; Themistocles, 3. 5 ran.
THE CRITERION STAKES OF 300 sovs each, 20 ft, with 200 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 8lb; fillies, 8st 6lb; winners extra; second received 100 sovs; Criterion Course (6 tur.), 52 subs.
Lord Anglesey's Prestonians, by Prince Charlie—Beatrice, 8st 11lb, Cannon 1 Count F. de Lagrange's Dora, by Consul—Dulce Doxum, 8st 6lb

Mr. P. Lorillard's Nereid, by Sixon—Highland Lassie, 8st 6lb R. Morris 2
Also ran: Seville, Zealot, Silverstreak, Fire King, Creation, Duke of Cumberland, Thos colt, Buchanan.

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Duke of Cumberland, 6 to 1 agst Prestonians, 100 to 15 each agst Fire King and Buchanan, 8 to 1 each agst Zealot and Dora, and 5 to 1 agst Count Lagrange's pair coupled.

THE RACE.—As they came to the Red Post, Buchanan took second place; but was soon passed by Nereid, while Duke of Cumberland began to tire. Dora then came on with a clear lead of Nereid until half-way up from the Red Post, when Prestonians got on terms, and, after disposing of Nereid, challenged Dora, who, not finishing in the gamest manner, was defeated by a head; a length off Nereid was third. Value of the stakes, £1,220.

TUESDAY.

THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES.—Lord Zetland's Ellengowan (Saddington), 1; Witchery, 2; Lady Blanche filly, 3. 13 ran.
THE ALL-AGED TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Telescope (C. Wood), 1; Indigo, 2; Rowston, 3. 7 ran.
THE TUESDAY NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. H. Howard's Wee Lassie filly (Luke), 1; Eastern Empress, 2; Lector, 3. 10 ran.
MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. H. W. Fitzwilliam's Ushant colt (C. Wood), 1; Sir Reginald, 2; Field Glass, 3. 13 ran.
THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES OF 25 sovs each, 16 ft, with 300 added; second received 100 sovs, and third saved stake; Cambridgeshire Course (1 mile 210 yards). 157 subs, 64 of whom paid 5 sovs each.
Lord Rosebery's La Merville, by Blair Athol—Cauldron, 5 yrs, 8st

Constable 1
Cranham 2
Fordham 3

Mr. W. S. Crawford's Out of Bounds, by Hermit—Boundary, 7st 6lb (car. 7st 9lb).....
Also ran: Fitz-Plutus, Rylstone, Lord Clive, Rob Roy, Spendthrift, Discord, Falmouth, Flotsam, Rhidoroach, Harbinger, Lartington, Sunburn, Exeter, Lansdown, Stylites, The Bear, Adamite, Ragman, Leoville, Balbriggan, Flashman, Blue Ridge, Jessie Agnes, The Squeaker, Sarsaparilla, Ismael, Breadfinder, Rosy Cross.

Betting: 4 to 1 each agst Leoville and Lartington, 8 to 1 agst Falmouth, 10 to 1 agst Flotsam, 12 to 1 agst Exeter, 14 to 1 agst Lord Clive, 16 to 1 agst Discord, 20 to 1 each agst Ragman and Out of Bounds, 25 to 1 each agst Jessie Agnes, Balbriggan, Adamite, and Stylites, 100 to 3 agst La Merville, 40 to 1 agst Harbinger, 60 to 1 each agst Rylstone, Spendthrift, and Rhidoroach, 66 to 1 each agst The Squeaker, Fitz-Plutus, and Sunburn, and 100 to 1 agst Ismael.

THE RACE.—When about a quarter of a mile had been covered Sunburn took a clear lead of Ragman, Leoville, Lartington, Lord Clive, Fitz-Plutus, Exeter, and La Merville; Out of Bounds, Caxtonian, and Sarsaparilla coming next, Discord and Adamite being prominent of the next lot. When about half-way up the rails Sunburn, La Merville, Out of Bounds, and Caxtonian were alone in the race, a hundred yards from home Sunburn compounded, and the other three closing, ran a splendid race home, La Merville always having a trifle the best of it and winning by a head; a like distance off Out of Bounds was third. Value of the stakes, £2,165.

WEDNESDAY.

THE CRITERION NURSERY STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Cipolata (Constable), 1; Brother to Cradle, 2; Maraschino, 3. 7 ran.
THE CHEVELEY STAKES.—Prince Bathyan's Annie Chiel (Morris), 1; Mirth, 2; The Song, 3. 6 ran.
THE DITCH MILE TWO YEAR OLD STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Melfort (Constable), 1; Returns, 2; Vanderhum, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Moccole (Fordham), 1; Albany, 2; Colorado, 3. 6 ran.
THE STAND HANDICAP.—Lord Stanford's Woodquest (Luke), 1; Sautler, 2; Rosalind, 3. 11 ran.

THE DEWHURST PLATE OF 300 sovs in specie, given by the Jockey Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15ft, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 9lb; fillies, 8st 6lb; winners extra; the second to receive 200 sovs out of the stakes, and the third 100 sovs. Last seven furlongs of R.M. One hundred and five subs.

Mr. A. C. Barclay's Grace Cup, by The Duke—Noyau, 8st 6lbRossier 1
Lord Falmouth's Ambassador, 8st 6lb (car 8st 8lb)F. Archer 2
Count F. de Lagrange's Dora, 8st 6lbF. Morris 3
Also ran: Clelie, Spitzberg, Red Riband colt, Fern colt, Milan, Nereid, Abbot, Early Morn, Aristocrat.

THE RACE.—Dora held the command until halfway down the Bushes Hill, when Grace Cup and Ambassador joined the French filly, and Grace Cup coming on at her ease, won in a common canter by a length; a neck divided the second and third.

THE NEW NURSERY STAKES.—Lord Fitzwilliam's Lector (C. Wood), 1; Magdalene, 2; Incendary, 3. 13 ran.
THE ANCASTER WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Paris's Stithery (C. Wood), 1; Briglia, 2; Reeler, 3. 8 ran.

THURSDAY.

THE COFFER ROOM HANDICAP.—Sir G. Chetwynd's Lord Clive (C. Wood), 1; Cri de Querre, 2; Glencuirn, 3. 4 ran.
THE BETRY NURSERY.—Lord Bradford's Zealot (W. Macdonald), 1; Belfry, 2; Castillon, 3. 15 ran.
THE THIRD WELTER HANDICAP.—Lord Zetland's Ellengowan (Morgan), 1; Hellesport, 2; Red Hazard, 3. 13 ran.
THE TROY STAKES.—Duke of Beaufort's Petronel (C. Wood), 1; Strathdale, 2; Emmanuella, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Ker Seymour's Trierman (F. Archer), 1; Fair Isabel, 2; Moonstone, 3. 7 ran.
FREE HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Out of Bounds, 1; Knight of Burghley, 2; Rayon d'Or, 3. 7 ran.
THE FEATHER PLATE.—Mr. Jos. Mayhoe's The Star (Fletcher), 1; Espada, 2; Milton, 3. 14 ran.
THE SUBSCRIPTION STAKES.—Duke of Hamilton's Lollypop (Custance), 1; Kaleidoscope, 2. 2 ran.
THE APPRENTICES' PLATE.—Mr. W. Brown's Alice Maud (Taylor), 1; Little Duck, 2; Radiance, 3. 13 ran.
THE HOME-BRED SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Fair Rosamond filly (C. Wood), 1; Cecilia filly, 2; Dookin colt, 3. 3 ran.

BY-THE-BYE.

As General Themistocles of Athens said to his Spartan rival, Eurybiades, "Strike, but hear," so blood-thirsty Mr. Labouchere says to his valiant journalistic rival, Mr. Lawson, "Strike, but read." For blows he has no blow, but in print and in *Truth* every week he writes to him with reference to a recent memorable "beating," and in the latest issue of his journal gives him this advice:—

"If," says he, "a man were to challenge me in England I should, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, say: 'Don't make a fool of yourself.' If, on the other hand, I had run away with the man's wife, seduced his sister, or given him a blow, I should feel that I myself had outstepped legality, and that having done so, I must abide the consequences. In such cases I should refer him to a second, tell that second what had occurred, and beg him to place me at the disposal of the person whom I had offended."

Now, if this special, specious pleading means anything, it means that Mr. Labouchere is in favour of reviving the barbarous, vile old practice of duelling, either by repealing the law against it, or bidding it defiance—presumably the latter. When some vulgar brawler, through calling ill names or chaffing a companion past his patient bearing, receives a blow, and in hot blood uses the knife, we all denounce the brutal, murderous ruffian as a dastardly villain, and, very properly, send him to prison. Is it any lighter or less contemptible offence when, with cold-blooded malignity, one who calls himself a gentleman, receiving the same insult, uses that knife, with a longer blade, the sword, or substitutes for it a more deadly weapon—the pistol? To steal behind a man in the dark and strike him without fairly announcing your intention, smacks a little too strongly of the heroism of a foot-pad to win my admiration. But I hold in no greater esteem the man who, receiving a blow, dares not, or does not, return it, but goes home full of ill-blood, and invites his assailant by letter, or in a public journal, to kill him or be killed by him, under the false impression that this cold-blooded, cruel, barbarous system of retaliation by murder is brave and gentlemanly.

Duelling crept downwards from the aristocracy who once claimed it as their peculiar privilege, until in the brutalised last century it was fast becoming common to all classes, when, growing ridiculous, it fell into disrepute. In February, 1774, on that blood-soaked duel ground of rank and fashion, "behind Montague House," where many a talented, good, and noble, as well as many a worthless, man was slain, a couple of pot-house journeymen weavers, whose friends had by subscription raised three shillings for the hire of pistols, met to wash out in blood the deadly offence of denying that sprats were better fried than broiled, or better broiled than fried. In those days every farcical, frivolous dispute was apt to end in a serious, horrible tragedy, and every paltry squabble was decided by a duel, as they would be again if this editorial fire-eater's wishes could be realised.

And this reminds me that of retelling old world stories there is to be no end. Look at *Punch*, and also at this week's *Truth* which, *apropos* of duelling, says:—"An absurd encounter was that on Brighton Racecourse between Lord Barrymore and Mr. Humphrey Howarth, M.P. for Evesham. The seconds and his opponent were soon splitting with laughter when they saw Howarth—a very fat old man—take off all his clothes and present himself naked (except a pair of drawers) to the fire of his adversary. Knowing that shot-wounds are often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven into the body with the bullet, he was resolved to avoid the risk, at least, but no blood was spilt on this occasion." Now, this story was originally told of a son of the great actor, Charles Macklin, who, when an officer in the Indian army, presented himself on the ground to fight a duel, draped in a long cloak, which, on facing his opponent, he threw off, revealing himself stark naked, and, giving as his reason for so appearing exactly that attributed to Mr. Humphrey Howarth, M.P. for Evesham. I told the story, with full details, in these columns some years since.

There was nothing chivalrous, soldierly, or heroic in modern duelling, although it constantly gave prominence to its grimly ludicrous features and gross inconsistencies. Wilkes, when about to fight his duel with Lord Talbot, being asked how many times they should fire, in the event of one not being killed or disabled, replied:—"I leave it to his lordship, for my own use I have brought a flask of powder and a bag of bullets." But they didn't hurt each other, and went away, arm in arm, after burning a fair proportion of powder, to drink a bottle of claret together, the one telling the other that he was "the noblest fellow God ever made."

By-the-bye, does Mr. Labouchere remember Napoleon Bonaparte's words, "*I never reckoned upon a duellist for an act of true courage*," a statement in verification of which an almost countless number of recorded duels might be readily quoted. Do you remember one such chronicled in Captain Gronow's "*Celebrities of London and Paris*,"—that of the notorious duellist who frequently declared he would kill a certain M. de F.—? Let me tell you the story as I remember it:

A gentleman overhearing this fire-eater's publicly avowed intention,—I don't mean to say that he printed it; no, not quite so bad as that; he only talked about it loudly, and openly in mixed company, until a stranger, disgusted at his braggart insolence, addressed him with an air of quiet resolution, thus:

"As you are such a dangerous customer, perhaps you will accommodate me. I shall be punctual at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot, at midday to-morrow, with swords and pistols; earlier I cannot get there; but depend upon my arriving in due time."

The duellist demurred, wanting to know by what right the stranger claimed to fight in another stranger's quarrel, to which he replied—

"Merely that of removing from the world a dangerous fellow like yourself. I would recommend you to make your will to-night. I will myself order your coffin, and arrange, as a matter of common fairness, to pay your funeral expenses."

He then gravely called a waiter, gave him 100 francs for purchasing by the following day a coffin and a grave. He appeared so terribly confident and earnest that the fire-eater was cowed, went away, left Paris early on the following morning, and was never more seen or heard of in "*Society*." Some such plan should be adopted now; only for the stranger and his coffin and grave I would substitute a magistrate and a police-cell.

"I can scarcely look back to those days of duelling," says Captain Gronow, "without shuddering. If you looked at a man it was enough; for, without having given him the slightest offence, cards were exchanged, and the odds were that you stood a good chance of being shot, or run through the body, or maimed for life."

God forbid that the paltry personal squabbles of a pair of Society editors should, as the *World* suggests in its issue of this week, lead to a revival of "those days of duelling." So prays

A. H. DOUBLETEN.



DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

YOUR British public is a peculiarly pugnacious one, and when it has grumbled beyond all endurance over a grievance, real or imaginary, and through the very vigour of its unfortunate com-



An Operatic Understudy.



An Operatic Goat.

plaints has had its wants and desires satisfied, it will turn and strongly object to the liberty shown in satisfying it. Under these circumstances it is to be wondered that when Mr. Maple-



Ginx's Baby.

son opens Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket, and tells the opera-going public that he has come to the conclusion that evening dress is an unnecessary encumbrance, and that ladies and gentlemen who do not go so far in the observances of

life as to dine in uniform each evening can be seated in the humble but adequate morning dress without meeting with molestation—is it to be wondered, I say, that you find the house packed with people in a high state of full dress? The other night Mlle. Ilma Di Murska made her first appearance at this house after an absence from the stage of some four years. Mlle. Di Murska made her reappearance in the part of Dinorah in Meyerbeer's romantic opera of that name. The character is one that this lady must have some considerable regard for, as I fancy she used to play it again and again. Four years' absence have not much improved Mlle. Di Murska's professional qualities, but she is still, to my thinking, supreme in vocal gymnastics. The Goat was a great success, as so also was the dummy or "extra" who kindly took Dinorah in the not very enviable business of jumping from the broken bridge. It was rather ridiculous, though, that while this deputy Dinorah was dashing herself from the dizzy height into the mattress beneath, Mlle. di Murska was standing high up in the side wing quite visible to at least one half the occupants of the theatre. Operatic artists have, however, frequently a sublime contempt for stage illusion, and so long as they sing their music consider it all right. The Goat was to some degree infected with this feeling, though he had no voice to fall back upon. Of all the distressing objects to witness, I think the endeavours of an operatic comic man must be ranked with the most melancholy. He is always a peasant (generally a shepherd), and wears a large round hat, under which he has a tow wig and an inane grin—we all know him, and knowing, hate him. I noticed the imposing and dignified form of "Ginx's Baby" treading slowly and silently the corridors of the Opera House. It is a mark of great self-denial, and matter to be publicly deplored, that the member for Marma-



Operatic Stage-humor

lade should waste the precious hours in frivolous excitement when the country is beckoning him to scenes of triumph on the hustings of provincial parliamentary meetings. I have too recently dealt with the Court Theatre to give another description of the doings there at any great length. However, in his new comedy, Mr. Byron has made a decided hit, and has given two actors opportunities of scoring successes in their various lines. Mr. Byron very emphatically denies that his work has been hastily done, and, indeed, I think there is little of haste in it. The witty, sharp, and rude things that the characters throw at each other are clean and polished, and go off like a perpetual volley of detonators. A peculiar effect is obtained owing to the fact that the first two acts were written at a different period from the third. At the third act an entirely new interest is introduced, which gives new life to both the actors and the audience. Miss Amy Roselle has a most arduous task to perform. She is a kind of modern Portia, and has to withstand the severe attentions of three lovers during nearly the whole of the comedy, a matter which involves no slight amount of hard work—which the lady cheerfully went through much to her own credit. In the character which Mr. Coghlan plays, Mr. Byron has more satisfactorily approached the creation of a gentleman than I think he has previously done. Mr. Coghlan has been fortunate in having it to play, and the management are fortunate in the fact that Mr. Coghlan does play it. Mr. George Anson played admirably a city gentleman with a very vulgar presence. The individual is undoubtedly meant as a portrait to some extent of B—rn A—t G—t. And Mr. Anson has seized this notion in his make-up. The character is not better than the Butterman of *Our Boys*, but it is quite as good, and no doubt Mr. Anson will work it into one of his best presentations of frail humanity. It is with the deepest grief that I hear that My Lord Mayor's Show is to be divested of its splendour to a great extent this year. Just as of late years the



Operatic Stage illusion.

old glories were coming back to it, and the humour of the thing was increasing, it will be a sad thing if City magnates become dead to all sense of decency and refuse to publicly make fools of themselves for the amusement of the floating population of



Shoddy.

London. I believe we are to have neither men in armour nor elephants. This is sorrowful, but we must be comforted, they will not dare to take that "hunk of ginger-bread" the Lord Mayor's Coach from us. Nor can they rob us of the little man with the muff on his head, and the big sword—that at least is morsel of satisfaction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VICE IN HORSES.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your issue of the 11th of October there is a letter from "D" upon the subject of kickers. In more cases than is supposed by many owners, when a horse kicks in harness the fault is probably with the driver. I have two horses which I purchased from a dealer about four years ago. They were, each of them, inclined to kick, and on one occasion the horse broke the kicking-strap and got his leg over the shaft of the brougham to which he was harnessed. The coachman who at first drove them was accustomed to use the whip more than was requisite, and also to hold the driving-reins too short. Nearly a year and a half ago I obtained the services of another coachman, and the horses have never kicked since that time. They are now driven in single, and also in double harness, without kicking straps.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, X. Y. Z.
London, October 14, 1879.

KICKING HORSES.

SIR,—Referring to "D's" letter on kicking horses, there are many simple ways of preventing this most objectionable habit. A coachman, as a rule, thinks it necessary, when an animal kicks, to catch his horse tight by the head. Now this is a mistake; a firm hand—yes, but not the sudden jerk so often administered. If a horse kicks once he will often go on from sheer nervousness, whereas by a little coaxing the animal would be reassured, and in nine cases out of ten will go on quietly.—Yours, B.

PYNOTS.

SIR,—In your Saturday's issue of "Famous Hostelrys," there appears the Old Cock and Pynot, at Whittington. I think your contributor makes a mistake in calling pynot pigeon, as most Derbyshire people call magpies pynots. Hoping that you will find this information correct.—I am, &c., PACK HILL.
Lyndhurst, October 20.

"THE BOOK OF THE DOG."

SIR,—I see in the second and third numbers of "The Book of the Dog," by Mr. Vero Shaw, an article on the mastiff. The article gives, in my opinion, an imperfect description of what a mastiff should be, or rather describes the animal in an incorrect manner, and on the strength of a long and intimate knowledge of the subject I beg you to accept my criticisms. After stating that the Lyme Hall breed is considered by the most competent authorities to be by far the best strain of mastiffs in the country, Mr. Shaw says: "We ourselves are of opinion that the value of the strain must be considerably less than it is usually estimated at, since the breed must have greatly deteriorated by inbreeding;" and a little further on adds, "Mr. H. R. Kingdon, of Wilhayne, Colyton, Devon, lays claim to the possession of the pure Lyme Hall blood; but the inferiority of such of his strain as have come under our notice is so conspicuous when compared with the specimens of the gentleman alluded to above, who undoubtedly does possess it, that we are impressed with the belief that if Mr. Kingdon's dogs are really more than reputed Lyme Hall mastiffs, they signally fail to represent the type in a manner worthy of so valuable a strain. Mr. Shaw does not seem to be very familiar with the breed, either as it is now or as it existed formerly at Lyme Hall; whilst it does not appear probable that he has at any time been favoured with a view of the dogs in the kennels at Wilhayne. Had he possessed more experience of Mr. Kingdon's old stock, the article now laid before the public would hardly be couched in the tone it is. Now I believe that it is due to Mr. Kingdon, and the public also, that the fallacious opinions and statements published by Mr. Vero Shaw should be fully noticed, for it is scarcely just to attack the reputation of a noted breeder and gentleman without the slightest ground for so doing, when the assailed has not the means of defending himself in the same work.

Several years ago, before the time the breed was crossed, the Lyme Hall mastiffs, in the possession of the Leghes, were, as described to me by an eye-witness, nearly of the size of asses, far outrivalling any specimens of the fashionable breed which had come under the observer's notice. Moreover, I myself, as well as Mr. Kingdon, possess the strain in its integrity, and instead of being degenerate through inbreeding, as Mr. Shaw would feign persuade us, it outvalled in massiveness and the grand character of head the hideous fallen-countenanced beast that passes by the name of mastiff on the show bench of to-day. Messrs. Shaw and Wynn used the word "reputed" in relation to Mr. Kingdon's strain, but I think they should not have done so. Mr. Kingdon began breeding, in the first instance, from his grand Lyme bitch, Alp. Mr. Leghe was evidently so fully aware of her purity that he allowed Mr. Kingdon to breed at Lyme Hall from his own Lyme dogs, who in his turn supplied Mr. Leghe with some of the offspring, at a time when the latter would have thought it a dishonour to cross his strain with blood of another breed. The purity of the Wilhayne kennel is, therefore, simply unquestionable, and is proved by its products.

Mr. Vero Shaw names several other gentlemen who, he says, undoubtedly possess the pure Lyme breed, but when we come to analyse his instances, the Lyme Hall character of the dogs in question is found to exist in only an infinitesimal quantity at the present time, in the kennels where he supposes it is to be found; for Garnier's Adam, as he himself acknowledges, showed signs of impurity both in his own character and that of his offspring, whilst his type was quite different to that of the Lyme breed. Morris's Flora, instead of being an undoubtedly pure example of the strain, is entered in the K. C. S. book, where the pedigree of the same gentleman's Duchess occurs, as "pedigree unknown, but supposed to be Lyme Hall breed." This is quite a different affair, and had Mr. Shaw applied the term "reputed" to Flora, instead of to Mr. Kingdon's dogs, he would have committed no error. The descendants of Martorelli's Sultan do not point to a Lyme ancestry, whilst the amount of the blood of Ansdell's Leo and Swain's Rose, in Mr. Hanburg's and Mr. Lukey's dogs is so small that the term Lyme is not in any way applicable to either of the strains, however good the blood may be in other respects.

In the advertisement announcing the coming of "The Book of the Dog," it was stated that it was intended to make this work the standard authority on the subject, and incorrect statements in it should therefore be corrected. I have personally visited Wilhayne and can confidently affirm that no mastiff exhibited in any of our great shows in any way approaches the perfect mastiff quality of Mr. Kingdon's Faust, Punch, and Duchess; while I have seen no bitch either in these shows, nor the kennels of many of the most noted breeders, that can for a moment compare favourably with the last-named, whose matchless beauty combined with size, far surpasses anything I have ever witnessed amongst the various strains of the modern spurious mastiff, whose very type at once convicts them of being crossbred;

whilst in the case of the three dogs mentioned purity is stamped on every feature and asserts itself pre-eminently.

Mr. Wynn and Mr. Shaw both strongly denounce the system of inbreeding, as is the fashion, I am sorry to say, in certain quarters. In thus running down the principles of inbreeding Mr. Wynn and several other authorities, though these are by no means of the highest rank, allege that size of body and bulk of bone are rapidly lost. This is, however, contrary to long experience, and the belief has only arisen from the bad results, which have at times attended an unscientific system of breeding through a lengthened period in crowded kennels, where the practice, of which complaint is made, has been customary. When the system of breeding is rational and scientific, no evil effects attend interbreeding, but rather the reverse; and in proof of this both Mr. Kingdon and myself can show and produce dogs of perfect health and strong constitutions, with size, bulk of bone, and wonderful muscularity, which would put into the shade the massiveness of the Lord Darnley's Nell pseudo-mastiff race, or rather the slenderness which Mr. Wynn is pleased to consider massive. The Lyme Hall breed stand pre-eminently foremost amongst the true old English mastiffs, and rank only second amongst the mastiff races of the world, the true Cuban being the first, and first only because a trifle more gigantic; in other respects they are absolutely the same.—I am, &c., SUWARROW.

October 16, 1879.

REVIEWS.

Songs and Verses on Sporting Subjects. By R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON, author of "Hunting Songs." London: Pickering and Co., 196, Piccadilly.

We must confess to having read Mr. Egerton-Warburton's effusions with considerable amusement. The author's muse does not go very steadily; indeed, he is more like Pegasus crossing a ridge and farrow field than sailing smoothly through the skies. But there is so much good humour and "go" about some of the songs and verses that the reader will not be sorry he has fallen across the little volume. As a specimen of Mr. Warburton's unabashed easiness of style we quote some verses from his description of how he bought a perfect (looking) hunter at an auction:—

A pause—then "Going, going, gone!"
Three hundred held him fast;
The bidding stopp'd, the hammer dropp'd,
And mine he was at last.
Then came the wish'd-for morning
When I mounted first my steed
In triumphant expectation
That the gallop I should lead.
Off! and hustling through the *mêlée*,
At the foremost fence we fly;
One and all my rivals clear'd it,
One and all—but where was I?
Like some equestrian statue
Made of marble or of brass,
Or like a tree deep-rooted,
We were fixtures on the grass.
I turn'd again and faced it,
Dealt the whip and plied the spur,
He touch'd it with his nostril,
But no further would he stir.
In vain I tried to coax him,
Tried to rouse him with a shout,
I raced him round the pasture,
But I never got him out.
In despair I view'd the fast ones,
Speeding onward in their flight;
Eyed with envy every straggler,
Till the last was out of sight.
Good indeed he was at staying,
For no power could move him on;
What mockery, remember'd then,
Was "Going, going, gone!"
Then the secret unsuspected,
The truth till then unknown,
Came out,—the splendid creature
Had a temper of his own.
"Rarely upon Restiveness,"
Who now that volume heeds?
Hunting days are far too precious
To be spent in taming steeds.
If on horseback at our fences
We must permanently stick,
A donkey far more cheaply
Would suffice to do the trick.
They say, in love and warfare,
All is fair that serves our end;
They who say the same of horseflesh
Would have sold him to a friend.
But found as when I bought him,
Neither blemish'd, blind, nor lame;
I sent him with clear conscience
To the hammer whence he came.

MORAL.
Youth, bear in mind that beauty
Lies no deeper than the skin,
That which maketh or which marreth
Is the temper hid within.
Whether horse it be or helmsman,
To your lot whatever may fall;
Still that which can and will not,
Is the saddest lot of all!

Farming for Pleasure and Profit. Dairy Farming, Management of Cows, &c. By ARTHUR ROLAND. Edited by W. H. Ablett. Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly, W. 1879.

Mr. Roland's work is likely to be of considerable service to a numerous class of the community, as it shows how a man who loves the country and has a fancy for farming may make profit out of his pleasure. The author was not bred to country pursuits. Comparatively late in life he took a small farm of 55 acres, bringing to bear upon its cultivation no experience, but a good stock of sound commonsense, an absence of crochets, and a determination to find out that which he did not know.

"I did not jump into active operations all at once," he says, "but went to work very gradually, and felt my way from time to time in what I undertook, laying down one main principle—that, as far as possible, I would be my own customer for the produce raised. That is to say, that I would supply my household with butter, milk, bacon, fresh pork, eggs, vegetables, fruit, honey, flour for bread; oats, beans, and straw for my horses; hay, etc.; selling my surplus.

"I began strictly upon this principle, and as I proceeded I found I had large quantities of produce to dispose of upon various occasions, which ultimately conferred a far greater degree of importance upon my work than at first contemplated, while a considerable amount of profit solaced me for what pains I took; which, indeed, at all times to me has been a labour of love, and never proved in the least irksome."

The book contains many things which are perhaps generally known, and some opinions from which certain farmers may possibly differ; but Mr. Roland has on his side the power to say it was thus that he succeeded. It must not be supposed that the author has confined his researches strictly to his own little farm. He has, on the contrary, looked about him, and studied the question of cattle breeding and rearing in many different quarters. The systems and practices of different counties are discussed, and the result of experiments given. Whether Mr. Roland is correct in saying that cheese-making is not so profitable as butter-making, because the American market enters into competition with English cheeses, is perhaps open to doubt. Cheese of quality far superior to American pro-

duce can be made in England, and would probably fetch a remunerative price, though, as regards cheap cheese, America commands the market. The book is full of information on the treatment of cows in health and disease, and cannot fail to be read with profit by all who are interested in the subject.

Stories from Virgil. By the Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, author of "Stories from Homer." Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street, London. 1879.

The Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford, in the preface to the issue of the fifth thousand of his book, apologises for shortcomings, and asks the indulgence of the reader, who will miss those chief characteristics of Virgil, his supreme mastery of expression and splendour of style. The apology is scarcely needed, for no one could expect the beauty and rhythm of Virgil's lines in a prose translation, and Mr. Church has told his stories in clear and simple language—the best way in which he could have told them. The author does not attempt to translate the *Æneid*, he says, but as a matter of fact the majority of the stories are very like condensed translations, and frequently follow very closely after the original. We may instance the account of the visit of *Æneas* to the Cumæan Sibyl and what follows. The book is illustrated by twenty-four spirited engravings adapted from antique designs by Pinelli, a Roman artist who died some forty years ago.

Wills: How to Make and How to Prove Them. By Charles E. Baker. London; Warne and Co.—This is a very cheap, handy, and reliable little guide book, which will be very useful to most people. It contains nearly 150 forms in which wills can be drawn up, and puts the laws affecting them before its readers in a clear, comprehensive, simple way which is sure to be widely appreciated.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

THE famous toreador Frascuelo has been dangerously wounded in a bull fight at Madrid. He received a horn thrust in the chest from an animal which had already injured a picador.

Boccaccio is the name of a new opera by Suppé on the eve of production in New York.

PRAGUE papers state that Herr Hofman, of Polebrad, in Bohemia, a well-known naturalist, has presented to the Crown Prince Rudolph a nest-full of swallows, differing from other swallows only in colour, being quite white. The parent birds which reared them, and which he has forwarded to the Prince, have the usual colour of ordinary swallows.

THE *Journal Officiel* publishes a report from M. Turquet, Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, to the Minister of Public Instruction, proposing certain modifications in the arrangements for pensions of the persons employed at the Opéra. The fund for providing the retiring allowance was instituted in 1856, when the theatre was under the control of the Civil List; but in 1866, when the Opéra was handed over to private enterprise, the persons who had any claims on the fund were limited to those who had been connected with it prior to that date. M. Turquet suggests that now the Opéra is again in the hands of the State all the persons connected with the theatre shall have an equal right to the advantages. He shows that no injustice will be done to the old claimants, for the fund possesses 120,000fr. Rentes in the Five per Cents, and has at present only to provide for 130 pensioners, at an expense of 101,081fr., and it receives 31,985fr. annually, the amount paid by the persons having claims upon it, in all 191 in number; and a further sum of about 40,000fr. from various sources. Moreover, the new contributors will have no right to any pension until they have paid for ten years. All the actors, employés, and agents whose salaries do not exceed 12,000fr. a year will be obliged to contribute their share, but for others with larger incomes they will be at liberty to please themselves whether they will accept the advantages offered by the system or not. The report is followed by a decree of the President of the Republic ordering the proposal to be carried into execution.

GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE—but go, and don't come back again! This is the popular address to the pedestrians who have organised raids upon the pockets of the public, and the rebuke which it suggests is richly deserved. There is no element of sport in this tramping for six days in the hope of getting a belt or a share of the gate-money. What little interest there is in a walking match has been rendered ridiculous by the tactics of men who enter with the avowed design of crawling four hundred and fifty miles so as to "get into the pool." That go-as-you-please contests are of no benefit to the physique is evident from the break-down of all the champions as soon as they enter for another contest. Veterans like O'Leary, Weston, "Blower" Brown, and Crossland go no further than the raw recruits who are weeded out during the first few hours of the races. Upon the O'Leary contest, as it is still in progress, we shall not comment, but surely the Astley walk has dragged this form of pedestrianism low enough to disgust all its adherents. After a week of sheriff's officers, "poisoned" grapes, stone-throwing, and general mismanagement, the track is found to be short fifty-nine feet in the mile, and all the records are wiped out, while the go-as-you-pleases scatter like a flock of pigeons, each with its share of the plunder in its beak. We sincerely trust that we have seen the last of them. They can contribute nothing to the legitimate sports of American gentlemen.—*New York Spirit*, &c., Times.

To Hervé, author of *Le Petit Faust*, *Chilpéric*, &c., belongs the credit of having originated and established the modern French opéra-bouffe. It was while managing a little café concert-hall that he first produced a series of pieces in one act full of the fun, puns, and suggestions now so thoroughly identified with opéra-bouffe. To all of these he wrote the music, and in many cases the libretto also. He at once became the rage in Paris, which flocked to hear his works. The popularity of this class of amusement soon developed the now famous composers, Offenbach, Lecocq, and Vasseur, besides others of lesser note, and attracted singers of worth from the opéra comique, who sought to gain fame and fortune in the new school. Hervé, whose real name is Florimont Ronger, was born in 1825, and has shown his versatility in having served in the various capacities of author, composer, singer, leader of orchestra, scene painter, and machinist.—*The Score*.

A FLOCK OF WOODCOCK.—Mr. Dosh Canon, of Hackettstown, informed a friend of the Field Editor that after the hard frost of Thursday night of last week he saw a lot of at least twenty of these birds flying in a bunch at early morn of the next day. He was so astonished, having never seen such a thing before, that he could not believe his eyes, and marked them down in a little patch of cover, all of a half-mile from where he was observing them. To be assured that he saw correctly, he walked to the spot and put them up again, and then only felt convinced that the birds were really the long-bills. This is early proof of the statement we made in our answer to "Justus" regarding the Fall flight of these lordly birds.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

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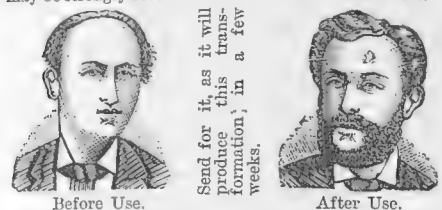
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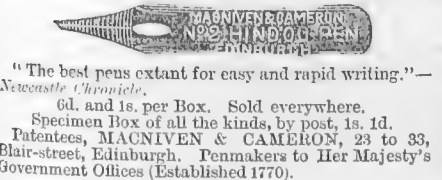
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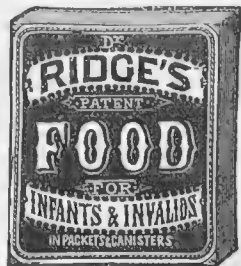
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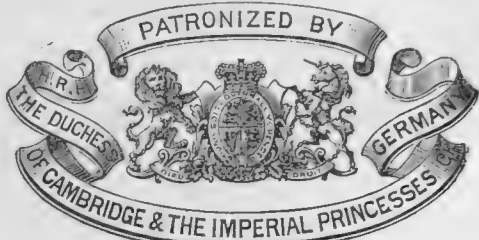
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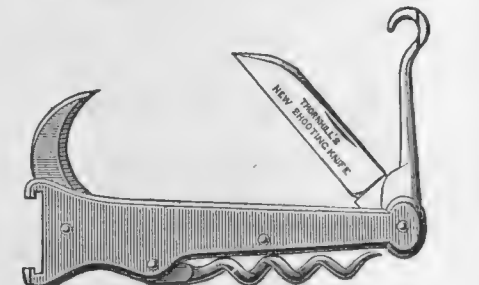
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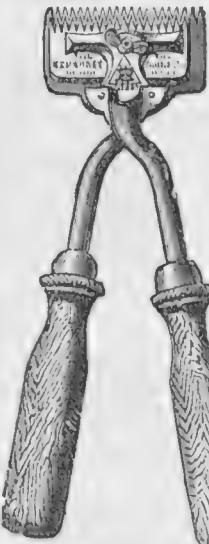
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The following descriptions are given for the information of intending purchasers only, and not in any case as a warranty:—

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THE DON, chesnut gelding, leader, very clever hunter, and up to weight.

SILVERLOCK, chesnut mare, match pair, with grand action, very fast in single harness.

EMPRESS, chesnut mare, fast in single harness.

On view at Aldridge's, on Tuesday, October 28th, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

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MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane, London, will **SELL** by PUBLIC AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, October 29th, 1879, EIGHTEEN HORSES, which have been working the Ramsgate, Margate, and Canterbury Coach. They are a strong, useful, short-legged, active, young-toothed lot, good goers, quiet in Single and Double Harness, and Eight of them are known Hunters.

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DAPPER, black horse, leader, with good action, quiet in single harness, and a good hunter.

HANDSOME, black horse, leader, quiet in single harness.

UPTON, bay horse, wheeler or leader, quiet in single harness, has been driven by a lady.

BEAU, bay horse, wheeler, fast, with good action.

DANDY, bay horse, wheeler, quiet in single harness, fast, with good action.

RAMSGATE, bay horse, wheeler or leader, quiet in single harness.

SNOB, bay horse, leader or wheeler, winner of a jumping prize at Islington Horse Show.

HIS LORDSHIP, bay horse, leader, good hunter and fast.

SARAH, bay mare, wheeler, good hunter.

SUNNINGDALE, brown horse, wheeler, good hunter, quiet in single harness.

On view at Aldridge's, on Monday, October 27th, and until the Sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

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ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.—On WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29, will be SOLD, by PUBLIC AUCTION, by instructions from the Great Western Railway Company, FIFTEEN HORSES, which have been working the Barnstable and Ilfracombe Coach. They are useful seasoned machines out of hard work, and sold in consequence of the summer coach coming off the road.

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Prize Lists and Certificates of Entry on application to the Secretary.

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Applications for space to be addressed to **GEORGE BEECH, Secretary,** 9, Temple-row, Birmingham.

A considerable amount of capital having been already promised, early application should be made for the remaining available Shares. After the completion of the first issue all Shares will be allotted at a premium.

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To the investing public such an Association strongly recommends itself at the present time, seeing that, owing to the greatly disturbed state of financial affairs all over the world, the opportunities of securing a safe and at the same time a profitable outlet for capital are extremely rare. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the fact that the business of the Association will be profitable, the safety of the investment will be perfect—the Association basing all its operations upon the possession of absolute tangible security for every pound expended.

The preliminary expenses, including registration, printing, advertising, legal charges, &c., are provided for under an agreement dated October 18, 1879, and made between William Robert Johnson, on behalf of the Association, of the one part, and Stephen Stonham Knight of the other part, which is the only agreement affecting the Association.

Should no allotment be made the deposits will be returned in full.

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"Geiz und Liebe" ("Avarice and Love"). From the Painting by L. LOFFTZ. Frontispiece.

Our Living Artists:—Sir Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., L.L.D., Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland. By GEORGE R. HALKETT. With Portrait and Two Engravings.

On some of the "Sights" of London. By E. INGRESS BELL.

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A MERRY LITTLE BREAKFAST PARTY.—“COME, BIRDIE, COME.”

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

ROSALIND.—Mr. Henry Scharf was born on December 8th, 1822. We cannot tell you the date of his death. He made his first appearance at Newcastle, and first appeared in London on the boards of Sadler's Wells.

B. A.—Mr. Newton Treen Hicks made his first appearance at the Royalty Theatre, as Richard III., in 1824, when he was about twelve years of age. He lived after his retirement from the stage at Chiswick, in the house which formerly belonged to Hogarth, and, if we are not mistaken, died in it.

COURTIER.—Mr. Dion Boucicault's *School for Scheming* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on February 4th, 1847.

R. M.—It was the elder Oxberry, not his son William Henry, the actor and dramatist (born in 1808), who died of D.T.

NORWICH.—"Ethiopian serenaders" appeared before 1846, at Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens, with blackened faces, white ties and waistcoats, dress coats, bones, banjos, &c., in all respects like their successors.

S. G.—Mr. Hudson Kirby began his stage career when fifteen years old, as member of a strolling company. He was born at sea in April, 1819.

A PRINTER.—Blanchard, Baker, Oxberry, Phelps, Keeley, and many other famous actors commenced life in a printing office.

C. R.—1. The part of Girolamo in *The Barber Bravo* was played by the late Charles Mathews. 2. See a memoir of his father which appears in the present number.

AMATEUR.—The gentleman is now in the provinces.

A MEDICAL STUDENT.—The question is too absurd and coarse for notice.

SEX.—1. The famous actor is married and has two boys. We do not feel justified in saying more. 2. The Editor and proprietor of the paper writes much under the first-named signature at present. As for the other we really do not know beyond the fact, that whoever does it appears to have very little knowledge of music and a good deal of impudence. 3 and 4. We believe not, in both cases. Thanks for your suggestion. We shall probably be able to follow it.

B. H. I.—The Society for Reforming the Stage had its origin in a meeting held at Manchester, in December, 1877.

PASSENGER.—Mr. Bandmann was charged with assaulting the late Mrs. Rousby, in April, 1878, at Bow-street.

"A YOUNG PLAYGOER."—Nearly a hundred years ago by the inventor of a popular dye called "True Blue." His name was Scott, and having bought some very old premises, Nos. 411 and 412, in the Strand, he converted them into a theatre—now known as the Adelphi—mainly to please his daughter, a lady of considerable histrionic and literary taste. The theatre was purchased by Messrs Terry and Yates in 1825.

J. A.—George Colman in his "Recollections" says, "The paradoxical celebrity which he (Foote) maintained upon the stage was very singular:—his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakespeare or Roscius upon record, who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a number of years by his own acting in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bed-side, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up." The leg was, by-the-by, not a wooden, but a cork one. Gahagan in his *Life of Siddons* says, "Foote abounded in wit, humour, and sense, but he was so fond of detraction and mimicry, that he might be properly called a buffoon." Garrick said, "He was a man of wonderful abilities," Macaulay said, "Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature." Dr. Johnson said, "He (Foote) is not a good mimic." Tate Wilkinson said, "He was every sort of actor, sir, he took colour, tone, and feeling from the person he acted with. The mimicking propensity was so strong in him, that he was always approximating to the manners of the man, woman, or child opposite to him. Had he been left alone with a bear, in a quarter of an hour he'd have been upon all fours, longing for a muzzle."

W. BRANDE.—Edmund Kean played Henry V. at Drury Lane Theatre.

ARTHUR SADLER.—Mrs. Henry Siddons played a farewell performance at Edinburgh in the March, or April, of 1830, when Sir Walter Scott wrote a parting address, which she delivered after personating Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*. She was so much affected when delivering Sir Walter Scott's graceful and feeling lines, that she nearly fainted on the stage.

BICYCLING.

R. F. CARTER.—At the distance you mention, we should prefer them in the following order:—Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, Cooper, H. L. Cortis, John Keen, although the prophecy might not come off right.

CRICKET.

G. DICKS (Nottingham).—We cannot tell you the exact date just now, but it was in the season of 1814. The match took place in the King's Meadows, and "Squire" Osbaldeston, with a fielder allowed, played two natives of the "lace" town, yeelp J. Dennis and H. Hopkin. The latter made 11 and 3, and his partner 1 and 2, total 17; but they were not able to bowl their opponent, "Mr. George" giving up his bat, "not out," for 54.

R. J. D.—Mr. W. G. Grace did not play in the match mentioned, so your opponent wins his bet.

ROWING.

H. SUTCLIFFE.—Mr. F. L. Playford's time in the Wingfield Sculls, last year, was 24 min. 13 sec., this being a best on record for the prize. We presume this is the information you require.

ATHLETICS.

D. BRADLEY AND H. ADSEAD.—No amateur has ever attempted, much less accomplished, the feat of walking 22 miles in the hour; Mr. Thomas Griffith, at that time a member of the South Essex A.C., walked 21 miles within the three hours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B. S.—Townsend, the famous Bow-street Runner, was about five feet six inches in height, thick set, with broad shoulders.

S.—The lines were written by Mr. Justice Hayes, and called "The Special Pleader's Lament." Mr. R. Walton published them in his "Random Recollections of the Midland Circuit." The first two verses run as follows:—

"Say, Mary, canst thou sympathize
With one whose heart is bleeding,
Compelled to wake from 'Love's young dream'
And take to special pleading."

"For, since I lost my suit to you,
I care not now a fraction
About those tiresome suits of law—
Those senseless forms of action."

CURIOSITIES.—1. The Egyptians believed that after death the souls of men and women passed into the bodies of birds, beasts, and fishes, and that after a space of three thousand years, if the bodies they previously occupied still existed, they re-animated them. Hence their common custom of embalming the dead. 2. In "The Life and Times of Algernon Sidney," by A. C. Ewald. 3. You will find an account of it in the *University Magazine* for June last, with many other equally extraordinary stories of the preternatural.

SCHOOLFELLOW.—You will find a good—although shocking—account of the trial and execution, in Professor Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae."

WILLIAM HARRISON.—"The Adventures of Doctor Van der Bader" was published in English by Mr. Moxon. (Paternoster-row), as one of his admirable "Dolphin Series."

E. K.—If you go in such terror of being bitten by dogs—most people pass their lives amongst them, without being once bitten—carry with you lunar caustic, and each time you are bitten push it at once deeply into the wound.

COCKNEY.—Mr. Wilmot Dixon is announced to lecture upon Robin Hood at the Birkbeck Institution, in Chancery-lane.

G. HEYS.—Brief can be obtained in volumes of the publishers, Messrs. Wyman, of Great Queen-street, and very useful and excellent books of reference they are.

A. L.—The modern clan tartans are neither ancient nor Gaelic, and we doubt if they are more than two hundred years old.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

THE CLOSE OF THE COACHING SEASON.

WITH the exception of a few veterans, who may be said still to linger superfluous upon their box-seats, the coaching public have now retired into winter quarters to meditate over the events of the past season on the road, and doubtless echoing the devout wishes of pleasure-seekers in other departments of sport that they may never again be doomed to pursue their hobby in the midst of such a watery visitation. Sales and dispersions of horses which were attached to the various routes out of London are now the order of the day, and have been for the most part satisfactorily carried through, though prices, perhaps, have not ruled so high as at the close of the previous season. We shall have more to say on this subject before we bring these remarks to a close, but we may not inaptly preface them by a short retrospect of doings on the road since "our opening day" in May. The time appears to us at length to have arrived when the chances of the coaching movement, inaugurated a few summers ago by certain enthusiasts in the cause assuming a prominent place among the pastimes of our countrymen, may fairly be tested; for we can reckon to have arrived at a period when the novelty of the thing may fairly be assumed to have died away. At first coaching was certain to command extensive patronage among those members of society perpetually in search, like the Athenians, of something new; but experience in other departments of sport has proved conclusively that many of its features are eagerly taken up, only to be as quickly dropped, as soon as the charm of novelty has departed. Again, a pursuit inviting considerable outlay at first, as well as subsequent risk in recouping the large sums expended at starting, was almost certain to be affected by the prevailing depression, which, after shedding its influence on the lower orders, has at length reached the upper circles of society, causing many pleasures to be summarily dispensed with, and necessitating a cutting down of pure luxuries within limits undreamt of in more prosperous times. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that while the taste for a manly and healthy pursuit does not seem to have declined in the slightest degree—either on the part of its promoters or those who have availed themselves of opportunities for its enjoyment—the sinews of war have been forthcoming as usual, and teams as well ordered and equipped as at the beginning have left their wonted trysting-places in town "without solution of continuity." It might reasonably have been expected that the wretched weather experienced during the so-called summer months would have choked off some of the devotees of coaching, as it has undoubtedly done with many of their customers; but those at the head of affairs have stuck to their posts like men, and if we are favoured with a more propitious season next year, we shall expect the driving mania to take deeper root than ever. As trains become more crowded, stoppages more frequent, and journeys consequently more protracted on suburban lines, recourse is likely to be had to a greater extent than ever to the more pleasing means of locomotion devised for short journeys in the shape of "coaching"—at least among those haying the leisure and means to avail themselves of a slower and, perhaps, more expensive method of travelling. Gradually we have seen every available route leading from the metropolis occupied by amateurs desirous of acquiring distinction as whips; and to those gentlemen a debt of gratitude is due for making things so pleasant to the passengers they contract to carry. Whether "it pays" is a question we have no right to discuss, seeing that the contributors to our pleasure are accountable to no one for the administration of their hobby; but it was good policy to keep fares at a sufficiently high rate to preclude the possibility of coaching degenerating into a business like that undertaken by the London General and other omnibus companies. Viewed in the abstract, the movement, which has resulted in a revival of the old coaching days, shorn of all their terrors, and with their pleasures considerably enhanced, must be regarded as healthy in tone and harmless in practice; for, as it has been well remarked, we can never have too many nor too great a variety of pastimes boasting of an elevating tendency, and totally free from those baser associations by means of which men's minds are warped from participating in sports, innately noble and elevating in themselves, but soiled through contact with "baser uses." Driving a four-in-hand, easy and pleasant as it may seem, is far too hard

work for languid swells of the crutch-stick or toothpick order, or for dandies of the lavender-kid-glove school; for there must be love in the heart and knowledge in the head of a man to induce him to keep strict time along a country road day after day, learning the practical part of his business, and not content with an occasional show day in the park, when so many burlesques upon four-in-hand driving are annually witnessed. One great charm for travellers by coach nowadays is that they are taken out of the beaten tracks traversed by the iron road and initiated into the enjoyment of scenery all the more to be appreciated because, though it lies at our very doors, yet its many beauties had been previously lost upon us for lack of enterprise in exchanging the rail for the road. Now we are just awakening to the value of it, and coaching has been the means of opening up, as it were, tracks too long fallen into disuse, and of which we had almost forgotten the very existence.

It may be considered, perhaps, but a small and unimportant argument to advance in favour of amateur coaching, that a larger demand is created in the market for that class of horses specially suitable for the work required of them. But, on the other hand, there can be no question as to the magnitude of the benefit annually conferred upon the public by placing at their disposal, at the close of each season, the collections formed with so much care and judgment. This sowing broadcast, as it were, of a number of well-seasoned, and for the most part young and well-mannered animals among the many in search after a good article at a moderate price cannot be too highly appreciated; albeit it may seem but a limited boon to begin with. But every year we see more and more horses of this description thrown upon the market, and there can be little doubt that most of these roadsters, picked up anywhere and everywhere early in the spring, are as much benefited by their course of summer schooling as a raw lad by his sojourn at any of our great educational centres. And by way of consolation we may add, and for the benefit of those who lately were loudest in their complaints concerning the scarcity of good trappers, that the supply appears fully equal to the demand; and again, it is only just and fair to acknowledge the good part which amateur coachmen have played—first, in creating a demand for useful animals, and secondly, in developing their capabilities to the fullest extent. We trust that the advent of better times will give a further impetus to the movement, which can report satisfactory progress since its inauguration, for it is better that spare time and superfluous cash should be expended in giving healthful pleasure to a large portion of the community, than in those vicious courses which occasionally accompany the pursuit of sport in other directions.

MAGAZINES AND SERIALS FOR OCTOBER.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

CASSELL'S *Magazine of Art* closes its volume with the present number, and announces the giving of prizes for art-students in competitions open to works executed in oil, water-colour, or black and white, not excluding, we presume, other monochrome works; together with the enlargement of the *Magazine*, its price to remain unchanged. We welcome both announcements with pleasure, and congratulate the editor and proprietors upon the success which alone could justify such spirited management. In the present number we have the usual variety of art subjects, illustrated with numerous high-class wood engravings, all of great excellence. The series of papers on "Our Living Artists" is this week devoted to Mrs. Elizabeth Butler (*née* Thompson), of whose early years we receive the following interesting biographical sketch:—

"Miss Thompson was born at Lausanne, on the border of the Lake of Geneva. Her mother, during the winter of her daughter's birth, cultivated her favourite art of landscape painting, and the natural pictures of the snowy mountains and the ice-bound lake, set as they often were in magnificent sunsets, were the first objects that caught the child's eyes. Charles Dickens, the close friend of Elizabeth Thompson's father, was the companion of this Swiss sojourn. All her early years were divided between Italy and England, the almost uninterrupted sunshine of the Eastern Riviera of Genoa brightening her winter quarters, while the heart of the English country was usually her summer residence. Country life, with the companionship of a sister, and with perfect freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or in the fields of Kent, to watch the horses at their farm-house work, and even, it is whispered, to play cricket on the village-green, formed a healthy contrast to the studies which were vigorously pursued from the age of five to that of seventeen, under the sole tutelage of Mr. Thompson, who (himself educated at Cambridge, and possessed of an independent fortune) entirely devoted himself to the training of his two daughters. That they should be good swimmers, good billiard-players, and good markswomen with a pistol, entered into the scheme of 'accomplishments' which he resolved to give them. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa-Bonheur aspirations of the little girl, while the free, demonstrative, and expressive character of the Italian peasantry stimulated her singularly keen power of observation. Her father was early struck by this power, and developed it watchfully and constantly, drawing the child's attention especially to outward manifestations of character. There is much that is dramatic in Italian life, and nowhere could the faculty peculiarly belonging to the artistic, as apart from that which pertains to the more meditative literary talent—the faculty of objective observation—find greater scope than there. The dramatic power which was afterwards shown in the faces of the men in 'The Roll-Call' and 'Quatre Bras' germinated in those early days."

The serial paper on wood engraving is interesting, and the following description of Haddon Hall in Derbyshire is very cleverly written:—

"Behold its grey battlements and turrets and towers, half-smothered in fading foliage, looking over the windings of the Wye! It is a September afternoon, and the autumn time is, perhaps, the best of all periods of the year to see Haddon Hall. The colour of the woods is now in harmony with the pensive grey stone of the baronial battlements. The foliage is a study of intense tints. The tresses of the lady-birch are spangled with yellow. Bronzes and russets and coppery reds are mixed up with the dark green of the solemn yews. The beech-trees gleam with rose-colour. The woods are silent. A solitary robin's note on the terrace intensifies the stillness. Faded leaves fall at our feet with a musical sigh. The river is running away with argosies of yellow leaves. The autumnal sadness suits the deserted old towers of Haddon. The castle itself is almost as perfect now as in the feudal days of chivalry, when its walls echoed the noisy revelry of retainers, and the wassail-cup went its merry round. The place seems as if Sir George

Vernon, 'the King of the Peake,' and his retinue had just left it for a day's hunting in the woods, and would be back again anon. The marks of their whittles, and the stains of their trenchers, are on the massive tables in the old banqueting hall. One of the huntsmen has left his horn behind him in yonder little room. The modern tourist could no more sound it than bend Ulysses' bow. There are also a gigantic pair of jack-boots, and a thick leathern doublet, should you wish to follow Sir George's party into the forest. That fireplace in the kitchen, with its incalculable capacity for fuel, is ready to deal summarily with a fat stirk, but coals are now, alas! twenty shillings a ton, and steaks are at famine price. In the state bed-room, where Queen Elizabeth slept, the bed seems to have just been made. The old ball-room, with its oaken floor and big window recesses, is deserted; but it does not need a wild imagination to people it with the guests of the past. I can hear the echo of the bygone revelry. The minstrel is tuning his harp in praise of a 'ladye faire.' Young squires and county belles are dancing, who have been dust these two hundred years. The sun shines on the silent terrace, where the mind's eye sees a peacock spreading the rainbow glories of its tail, and beholds a garden party that might have lent inspiration to Watteau. In the quadrangle yonder, to which that vassal in buff jerkin is hurrying, is a hunting group that Wouvermans might have immortalised. Dorothy Vernon has just stolen past to have a whispered interview with John Manners. Here is the spreading elm, under whose leafy gloom he used to wait at night for a hushed word of love, or a warning wave of the hand, from the little oriel window in the tower above. He is cutting her initials on the bark, just as Rosalind's name was carved on the trees by a man who haunted the forest. A pretty 'bit' for an artist is Dorothy Vernon's doorway, from whence she escaped 'into the night, and the arms of love.' A painter has placed his easel in front of it, and the heavy old oaken door, and eleven worn stone steps, are having their picturesque sadness thrown on the canvas.

Familiar Wild Flowers and *Familiar Garden Flowers* are two very interesting and pretty little monthly contributions towards the completion of these popular serials. *The History of the Russo-Turkish War* progresses satisfactorily. *Cu aries and Cage Birds*, with its brilliantly coloured plates and clear, bold type, is very readable. Of the jackdaw it tells us what few do not know, namely, that it is a very sagacious looking bird which from its droll antics is an especial favourite amongst boys. "Jack can be easily reared; and may be taught to speak a little; its comical cry of "Jack," accompanied by its mock-serious look, will always make it a cheery companion; though, like the raven, this bird is also, unfortunately, very fond of stealing (which circumstance has given us the laughable legend of the "Jackdaw of Rheims"), and should therefore have all bright articles placed beyond reach. It will become very affectionate, and may be allowed its freedom, so far as the clipping of a few wing-feathers will permit. Under these circumstances jackdaws have been known to strike up acquaintance; and ultimately firm friendship, with a dog or cat, eating out of the same platter, and reposing upon the hearthrug together, although sometimes this peaceful disposition is exactly reversed. There is a peculiarly reverend appearance about the jackdaw, perfectly in keeping with its habit of often selecting a church tower or old ruin wherein to build its nest, though it also builds in holes of trees and in cliffs. Instances are recorded of their sometimes even taking possession of a deserted rabbit-warren."

The *Illustrated Book of the Dog* retains its hold upon the reader's interest, and has very attractive coloured plates, and, *à propos* of a discussion of recent interest, says:—"In more than one leading book on the dog, the Rev. J. C. Macdonald, of Cheadle, is credited—if not directly, at least by inference—with the honour of having first introduced the St. Bernard dog into this country some twelve or fifteen years ago. As far as our memory carries us, however, the popular lecturer, the late Mr. Albert Smith, had some considerable time previous to that date done much to familiarise his friends and audiences with this noble breed. In making this statement we do not wish it to be for one moment understood that we are desirous of depriving Mr. Macdonald of the well-deserved glory due to him for his successful visits to the Hospice of St. Bernard, nor are we at all certain even that the dogs brought to this country by Mr. Smith were actually the first that ever reached our shores. . . . The Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald's Tell—the first he ever exhibited—created such a furore amongst the visitors to the exhibition where he appeared that other gentlemen were not slow in following his owner's example. Amongst these was Mr. J. H. Murchison, whose name appears most strangely to have been entirely overlooked by writers on the breed, but who deserves lasting credit in connection with these dogs, if only for the benefit he conferred upon them by the importation of Thor and Jure into this country. The result of an alliance between these was Mr. Armitage's grand dog Oscar; and Thor has further distinguished himself by begetting the champions Hector, Shah, and Dagmar, from Mr. Gresham's Abbess, as well as Simphon and many other most excellent specimens of the breed from various other females."

Our Own Country (Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) is a specially interesting number, dealing as it does with Bedford, St. Andrews, and the Coast of Fife and Durham. The illustrations are good, and there is an interesting account of the headquarters of the Scottish national game of golf, the Links of St. Andrews.

The October part of *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, from the same publishers, is a real luxury in the way of illustrations, the woodcuts being in both drawing and engraving of the highest character, but there is certainly room for improvement in the printing.

Tinsley's Magazine gives us another instalment of "Nell—on and off the Stage," the interest of which is rapidly deepening; the continuation of Mr. Richard Dowling's very powerful and dramatic story, "The Weird Sisters," decidedly one of the very best we have had of late years; and the first three chapters of a new serial story, "A Lover's Legacy," by Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Anne Thomas). The story of a grand histrionic triumph, by Hal Louther, under the title, "A Classical Tragedy Rehearsed," is cleverly and forcibly told, and strikes us as something more nearly akin to fact than fiction. The author says truly enough that the general public "have no idea what hours of feverish anxiety it costs an ambitious histrion who has hitherto been identified with a peculiar line of business, when he departs from the beaten track, and spreads his wings for a higher and nobler flight," and then proceeds to depict the various difficulties, dangers, and annoyances which at such times thicken about him. First, he encounters the jealousy and detraction of brethren who already occupy the rank to which he aspires. Their jeers, sneers, and jests travel from the green-rooms to the clubs, where, at the best, they damn him with faint praise. From the clubs to the newspaper is a sure, short stage, and in these bald announcements, injurious comparisons, sharp, reproachful protests, or depreciative paragraphs begin to appear, making the poor histrion's life "a battlefield of paragraphs." At the rehearsals a plentiful crop of new troubles awaits him. Here is a picture evidently from the life:—

There he sits at the prompt table, pale of face, and with restless watchful eyes; the actors around are in his hands, like so many

human colours, as it were, which he has undertaken to blend into a living picture.

The first scene is gone through with all the self-sufficiency of practised hands. "We shall not be long over this," whispers a voice from the darkness of an obscure corner.

"I should think not," replies some one else in response from the same depth of gloom. "Why, the business of this piece is as old as the hills; everybody knows it backwards." But it soon becomes evident that the pale, thoughtful face has no idea of playing it that way; for, to the astonishment of everyone, the scene just rehearsed is called again.

The artist actor rises from the prompt-table, and begins sketching in the characters of his intended picture; each individual is told some new phase or idea, and each individual receives the directions with looks of sullen wonder. Explanations as to the effect required are answered with the proverbial "Yes, yes, I know," but no attempt is made to realise the notions given, and the poor artist finds his first attempt all out of drawing.

"What does he mean, I wonder," asks one of the delinquents, "by speaking to me like that?"

"What's the matter?" inquires a friend, who heard everything that has passed, and yet pretends ignorance.

"Why he told me that I didn't know the value of blank verse, and that I trailed my spear as if it had been a walking stick, and one that was a misfit for me too."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughs his friend; "that was very funny."

"Funny! I don't see it. However," he mutters, "wait till it comes to your turn, and we'll see how you get on, Mr. Funny!"

"This scene once more!" screams the call-boy.

"Why, they're actually going over the first scene again!" is the general cry. "I never heard of such a thing. What kind of maggot has he got in his head now! I thought we should have been half over by this time. Why, he seems to be upsetting the whole arrangement!"

"What does it all mean?" asks someone else.

"It means," whispers another, "that the business which was good enough for Kean, Kemble, and Macready is not good enough for him."

"O, so it's over at last, is it?"

"Yes, though it's anything but right, he says; nothing like what he wants."

"Does he know what he wants, do you think?"

"Yes, I'm sure he does; and what's more, I can tell you if that look of his is to be trusted, he won't rest till he gets what he wants, right or wrong."

"Why can't he attend to his own scenes, and let the stage-manager attend to the others? We never had any bother like this with the eminent Mr. Hears Plume; and so I shall tell him, if he speaks to me about any new-fangled notions." And suddenly this champion for conventionality steps forward in answer to his cue.

"The wrong entrance!" he cries, in reply to some suggestion.

"Well, I've played this part a few times, and I always came on from here. Oh, no; it won't make much difference to me, certainly, where I come on; but when I played with the eminent Mr. Hears Plume—Oh, very well, we'll go on with the rehearsal; but—when the eminent Mr.—, very well I'm agreeable, only you are wrong, as you will find."

Now just steal a peep at the cause of all this skirmishing, and the worn look will show how hard it is to uproot the gnarled tree of old custom.

"Did you hear that?" asks an indignant actor, as he leaves the stage. "My reading is not correct now! Oh, this won't do for me; I'm not going to be tethered down like this! What's that?—back again! How did I go off? Why the usual exit, of course. Try it that way! But if I go off like that, I shall turn my back upon the audience! Never mind the audience! Oh, all right; only they'll say I don't know my business!"

"Well," says another, "that beats anything yet! I'm to do all my great speech to him! I know, of course, that I am supposed to give the lines for his special gratification; but if I don't act to the people in front, what becomes of my round of applause?"

"I wouldn't stand it if I were you," urges a Thespian Quill.

"You!" retorts the other; "why, he's cut your few lines out altogether!"

"I say," chimes in a third, "what with cutting, restoring, and altering situations, it won't be like the same piece. I'm sure they'll never stand it."

"Why, what's he going to do now? Why all this furniture?"

"O, he says he'll have the rooms made to look like rooms, and there's the set; what do you think of it, eh?"

"O, I see; clever dog! The upholstery will cover a multitude of sins! Ha, ha, ha!"

You are quite right, Mr. Conventionality, sneer away; who ever dreams of comfort about tragedy furniture? Dispense with that ghost of a carpet; consign to some mouldy tomb of a property-room that rickety table and those two treacherous chairs. Besides, who ever heard of a tragedian sitting down?

He is conscious that all this is being said about him; but he only presses his lips more closely together, and grasps his scythe with a firmer clutch.

The ladies, too, are in a flutter of excitement; each one tells her wrongs without, of course, listening to those of the others.

"I have been complimented over and over again in this very piece, and yet I can't play now without being called back and talked to like a new beginner."

"My dear, I've played my part with Mr. Eminent Star, and a compliment from him was something to be proud of; but I'm all wrong now."

"I'm sure," whines another, almost crying, "if he insists on my speaking my speeches in that sing-song way the audience will laugh at me. What do I care about the way they used to read poetry in those days? We don't do it now, and why should I be made a fool of? He hasn't said much to me, I grant—not so much as to the rest—so I may consider myself favoured."

This is said with a kind of malignant pleasure.

"Ah, my dear" (and there is a dangerous undercurrent in that *my dear*), "you haven't gone through your long scene with him yet. Wait! Ah, there it is! There's your cue. Now we'll see, ha, ha, ha! I thought so—wrong to begin with. Ah, dear me, we shall all be compelled to go to school again, as if we had never learned our business!"

"Now comes the great scene," says one of the gentlemen. "I think it will tax him to alter anything in that."

"He would never dare," mutters another; "his new-fangled notions cannot improve the old business here. How I remember Mr. Hears Plume in this scene—ah, me!"

"I went just now and gave him a hint," says the first speaker, "about the way Eminent Star used to—"

"Well?" inquires the other one, "What did he say?"

"Why, he laughed, and said he preferred his own way; so I shall tell him nothing more."

"There, we're called! What's that he's going to do? restore some of the old text; not speak the old lines, and he doesn't fling himself on What's-his-name's shoulder? Drops

in the chair instead! Well, if he thinks the audience will ever stand that. But we'll see, when night comes."

So from day to day the acts are gone through again and again. New readings become familiar; new effects are tried till found satisfactory; the actors mould themselves to the business, and the head-shakings become fewer. Sceptics begin to waver. What he does is not altogether without reason; it may succeed. But in one or two words the thought is not father to the wish, for your gray-bearded, childless "Old School" is jealous of this stranger nursing. And so the battle goes on, and so the worn look deepens, till at length his very clothes seem, out of pure sympathy, to have caught a haggard expression, and hang in exhausted folds about him.

A "JAPANESE RACE MEETING."

THE TOYAMA RACES.

The races held on Wednesday last in the park attached to the Toyama Military College, Tokio, were really a complete success, and the promoters and managers of the affair must be congratulated on the perfect manner in which everything went off. A little less dust about the course and along the road through the park would have been preferable, but as the wherewithal to wash the dust away had been liberally provided, this drawback to a pleasant afternoon was not felt so much as it might have been.

The race course is situated in about the centre of the park, is oblong in shape and very nearly level the whole way round. Not having yet been turfed, dust has accumulated on it to a considerable depth, and the "going" was rather rough on the ponies. The course measures about 1,400 yards round, and the favourite distance for races appears to be 1,050 yards, as will be seen by the programme below. The grand stand was very prettily decorated, and a special stand had been erected for H. I. Majesty the Mikado, who arrived about 1.30 p.m. attended by an escort of Lancers, who went through their various evolutions in a manner creditable to any country. The Mikado's carriage was drawn by two English horses, and was followed by carriages of the various ministers, and one containing Mrs. Grant accompanied by Mrs. Date and another Japanese lady, General Grant and his Staff having previously arrived; the grand stand was filled with Japanese officers, and in that portion set apart for foreign guests, we noticed several faces familiar on the Yokohama race course, including many of the committee of the Jockey Club. The collection of ponies which had been brought together showed us that the Japanese are evidently paying more attention to breeding than in former years: notable were a black Japanese pony, Kadzoka; a bay, Kamogawa; and two half bred mares named Toshima and Hanabusa, belonging to the Police Department; Giokuyô (half brother to Itchi roku and Plover) showed a very considerable turn for speed by the easy manner in which he beat Momidji when the latter was cramming him against the outside rails.

The most amusing race of all was the Hurdle Race, for which seven ponies started. All managed to negotiate the first hurdle in more or less clumsy fashion, at the second there were three empty saddles, two of which, however, were quickly refilled by their riders and the six ponies came in a ruck at the final jump. About twenty yards before reaching it, however, a vigorous swerve at the outside rails was made unanimously, and a confused mass of ponies and riders was soon struggling in the road outside the course, one rider more lucky than his *confrères*, managed to get his pony back, and he successfully faced the hurdle and cantered in a winner. The desirability of running this race over again was discussed with much vehemence, but as there appeared no more ground for this than for the foul claimed by the rider of Momidji (who in that case was certainly the "fouler" and not the "fouled") the race was eventually given to the pony Tamano, being in fact the only one that had gone over the course.

An interesting "vaulting" performance was given between the races by one of the jockeys, who appeared to have learnt various circus tricks and to have trained his pony to perfection. We have often seen similar feats done by circus riders in the confined space of the ring, but to accomplish these things on a spirited pony in an open race course requires considerable nerve and strength. About half past five His Imperial Majesty retired and the guests generally began to thin, all agreeing that they would gladly have the opportunity of seeing more such race meetings under similar auspices.

The following is the programme and result of the different events:—

- 1st Race: 1,050 yards, 7 started, won by Torai; owner, Household Department; rider, Kitamura, 146 lbs. Time 1.18.
- 2nd Race: 1,050 yards, 6 started, won by Sarakawa; owner, War Department; rider, Hineno, 148 lbs. Time 1.21.
- 3rd Race: 1,050 yards, 4 started, won by Giokuyo; owner, Prince Higashi; rider, Matsusaki, 150 lbs. Time 1.18½.
- 4th Race: 1,050 yards, 7 started, won by Kamogawa; owner, Police Department; rider, Kamiya, 145 lbs. Time 1.20.
- 5th Race: 700 yards, 4 started, won by Toshima; owner, Household Department; rider, Matsumura, 150 lbs. Time 0.51.
- 6th Race: 1,050 yards, 7 started, won by Fukuoka; owner, Household Department; rider, Kiota, 146 lbs. Time 1.22.
- 7th Race (Hurdle) 1,050 yards, 7 started, won by Tamano; owner, War Department; rider, Ishii, 145 lbs. Time 1.38.
- 8th Race: 1,420 yards, 6 started, won by Tomioka; owner, Household Department; rider, Matsumura, 150 lbs. Time 1.50.
- 9th Race: 1,420 yards, 6 started, won by Hichioke (late Mome-luke); owner, Mr. Maeda; rider, Miyazaki, 150 lbs. Time 1.51.

A protest, the nature of which we were unable to ascertain, and which was not settled at the time of our leaving, was entered against the winner of this race.

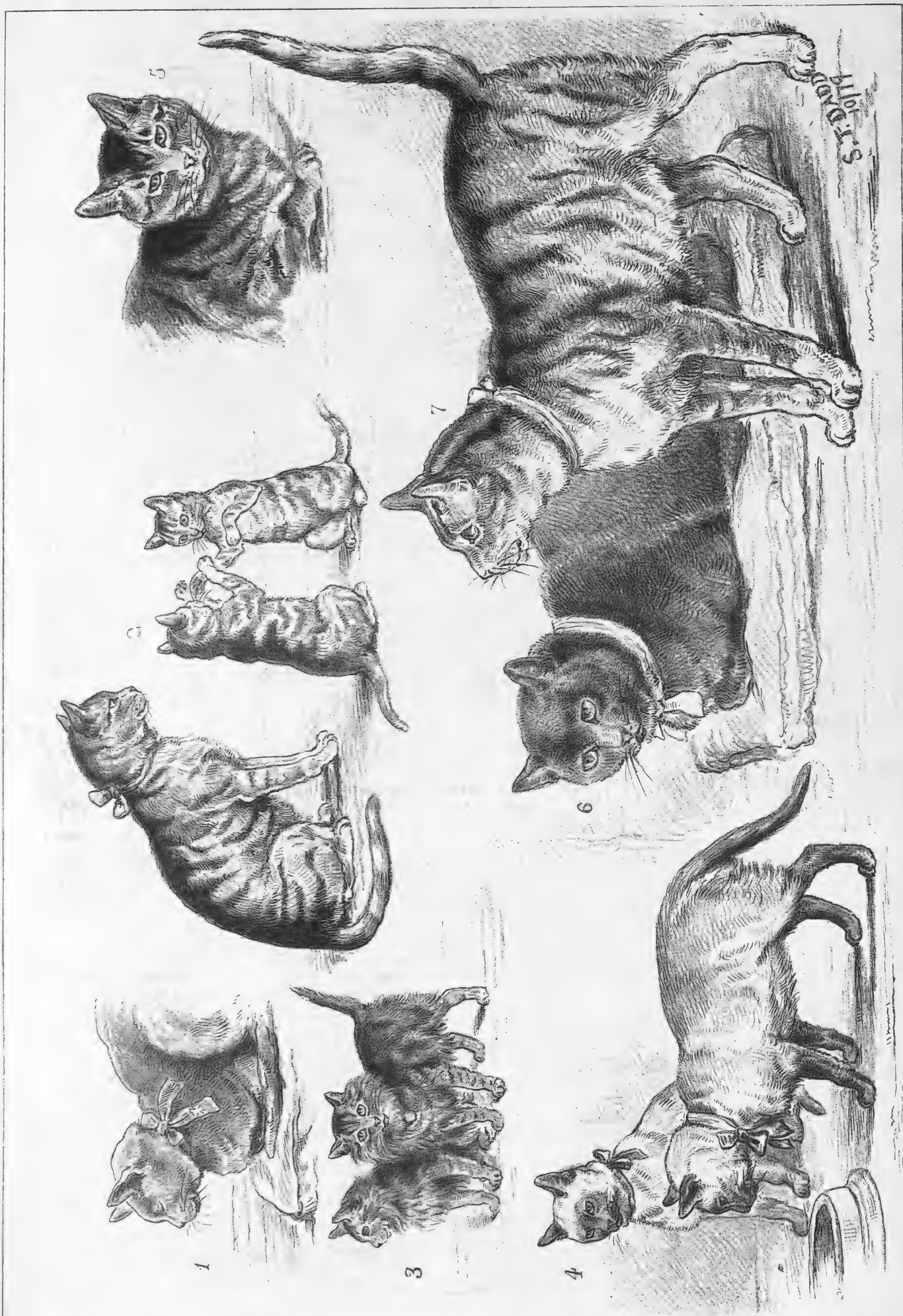
- 10th Race: 1,420 yards, 7 started, won by Kudzuoka; owner, Police Department; rider, Muto, 150 lbs. Time 1.50.

There were sixty-one entries for the different events, contributed by the following owners:—

- War Department, 31; Household Department, 7; Police Department, 4; Home Department, 1; Prince Higashi, 1; Mr. Sakawa, 1; Blacksmith, 2; Mr. Hayashi, 1; Mr. Iwamoto, 2; Mr. Tsubiki, 1; Mr. Angot, 3; Mr. Isono, 1; Mr. Hirasu, 1; Mr. Nishi, 1; Mr. Wada, 1; Mr. Maeda, 1; Mr. Kimura, 1; Mr. Fukuoka, 1.

Yokohama, Aug. 22, 1879.

Mr. W. R. NICHOLSON, a pianist of very great ability, both as an executant and teacher, pupil of Dr. Hans von Bulow, contemplates visiting America shortly, on a professional tour. We heard Mr. Nicholson at a concert recently, when his thoroughly artistic rendering of the Polonaise in A flat of Chopin, and a quaint suite in A major by Corelli, and other classical pieces, was such as to place him amongst the best known pianists of the present day. The performances of Mr. Nicholson at the Crystal Palace and the Ballad Concerts will be fresh in the memory of our readers.



THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



"SIR HARRY"—
JERSEY BULL.

1st Prize Ayrshire.

1st Prize Jersey Class 4

1st Prize Guernsey.

1st Prize Shorthorn.

1st Prize Jersey. Class II.

PRIZE CATTLE AT THE DAIRY SHOW.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N. P. and S. E. W.—Many thanks for games received.
J. T.—Much obliged for your acceptable problem.
G. C. H.—We shall be pleased to receive your promised favour.
A. G.—Excellent practice is to be obtained daily at Simpson's Divan, Strand.
There you will find professionals and amateurs, ranging in strength from the first to the sixth class, and also a small army of amateur chess champions.
Solution of problem 250, by J. Rademacher, is correct.
Solution of problem 251, by T. H. Knight and R. L. is correct.

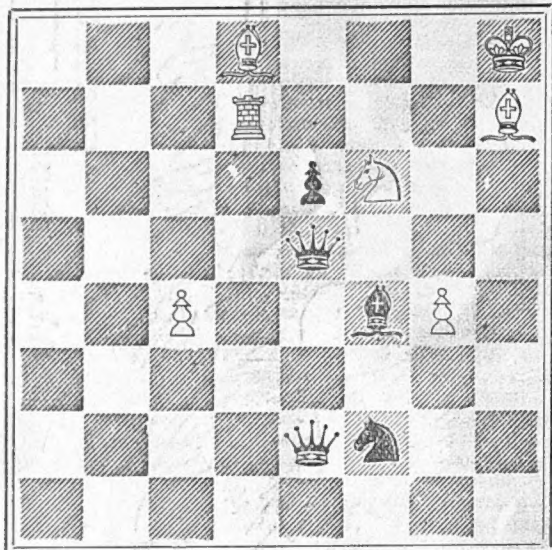
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 250.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Q 8 becoming a Kt P takes Q B P (a)
2. Q takes P (mate)
(a)
1. If P takes B or K B P (b)
2. R mates
(b)
1. If P to Kt 5
2. B to R 6 (mate).

PROBLEM No. 252.

By H. E. KIDSON.

(*) One of the best and prettiest compositions we have seen for a long time.)



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

THE following game is so extremely pretty, that we publish it for the benefit of our readers who have not already seen it in "La Stratégie." It was played at "La Régence," by M. Rosenthal against M. Lopine and several other amateurs in consultation.

[Evans' Gambit declined.]

- | WHITE.
(Mr. Rosenthal.) | BLACK.
(The Allies.) | WHITE.
(Mr. Rosenthal.) | BLACK.
(The Allies.) |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 10. Kt to B 3 | P to Q 3 |
| 2. Kt to KB 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 11. Castles | R to KB sq |
| 3. B to B 4 | B to B 4 | 12. P to Q 4 (c) | Q takes Kt |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | B to Kt 3 | 13. B to Kt 5 (ch) | R to B 3 (/) |
| 5. P to Kt 5 | Kt to R 4 | 14. Q to R 5 | B takes P (h) |
| 6. Kt takes P | Q to Kt 4 (a) | 15. Q to B 7 (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 7. B takes P (ch) (b) | K to K 2 (c) | 16. Q to B 8 (ch) | K to Q 2 |
| 8. B takes Kt | Q takes Kt | 17. B to K 6 (ch) i | K takes B |
| 9. B to Q 5 | Q takes R (d) | 18. Q to K 8 (mate). | |

- (a) Kt to R 3 or Q to B 3 is recommended by the authorities.
(b) Best move.
(c) Probably safer than K to B or Q sq.
(d) If P to B 3 then—
9. P to Q 4 B takes P
10. P to KB 4 Q to B 3
11. P to B 3 and white has the advantage.
(e) Daring and ingenious.
(f) If K to K sq then
14. Q to R 5 (ch) K to Q 2
15. P to K 5 P takes P
16. Q takes P and wins.
(h) If B to K 3
15. Q takes P K to B 2
Q to R 5
(i) The ending is extremely elegant.

CHESS CHAT.

On Monday evening last an entertainment was given at the City of London Club in honour of Mr. Charles Murton, who on the previous Friday entered upon his ninetieth year. About thirty gentlemen sat down to dinner. I am happy to be able to add that they also all rose up therefrom, when it was over, not that it is ever otherwise at the City Club. Mr. H. Gastmean presided, and Mr. R. Clark vice-presided. I need scarcely say that the toast of the evening, Mr. Murton's health, was musically and enthusiastically acclaimed. Mr. Murton returned thanks in a speech full of taste and feeling, and Mr. Webber read some pleasing verses which he had composed for the occasion, and in accordance with his suggestion, the company sang at the end of each verse, a refrain containing these words—"like a good old English gentleman, one of the modern times," amongst the speakers, reciters, and vocalists were the two chairmen and Messrs. Jones, Heywood, Smith, Down, J. Green, R. Green, Pizzi, MacDonnell, and Delannoy. The general company included Messrs. Manning, Heywood, Lord, F. Gastmean, Block, Stevens, Cutler, &c. Letters and telegrams of apology for absence from Messrs. Duffy, Potter, and others, containing hearty and humorous congratulations for Mr. Murton

were received and read by the chairman. The materials for social festivity being abundant and the dinner truly excellent, need I say that all present seemed thoroughly to enjoy, not merely themselves but the entertainment in general, and their neighbours' society in particular?

Some chess players harbour the delusion that an excellent mode of magnifying themselves is to depreciate others. They foolishly imagine that they exalt themselves into giants by cutting off the heads of greater champions.

An amusing illustration of this weakness lately came under my notice. A friend of mine happened to be wandering through sunny Spain, and one day found himself in that El Dorado of professionalism, which I attempted to describe a few weeks ago. Being an enthusiastic lover of the game he hastened to a saloon in one of the principal streets where he understood players from all parts of the civilised and uncivilised globe were wont to congregate; he entered it, and meeting his old friend, Herr Bookquartz, a well-known *maestro*, politely requested his opinion as to a position in the Hervano Gambit over which he himself had expended much fruitless labour. The Herr, ever liberal in dispensing his information at once acceded to the request. The game was played over from the beginning to the move which brought about the knotty question. "Now here," said my friend, "white played thus—but the late celebrated Howareall, says that he ought to have moved his B, but does not state his reason for so thinking, and I, having spent hours in analysing the position, cannot discover the superiority of the move suggested. Can you point it out to me?" "My dear sir," replied the Herr, "what matter about such a question; it is not likely to occur in a game between two good players—for the whole game so far is rubbish. Nothing could be feebler than the attack, except, perhaps, the defence. Who did play the white?" Then quickly flushed the Herr's pale cheek, and deep with corrugations became his brow, as my friend answered, "Why, PAULO MORFINO;" and then added, "and, so far, I believe the game on his part has been accepted as a model of this phase of the Hervano." Perceiving the Herr's discomfiture, Don Furioso Barnardo—another well-known *maestro*—who happened to be listening to the discussion, rushed to his friend's rescue, and thus chimed in, "Oh, Morfino's play is good enough so far, but anyone can do brilliant things against a duffer, and certainly black played the defence like an arch duffer." "Who was black?" cried out a discordant voice from the crowd. Thus questioned, my friend at first was silent, but, being re-questioned, replied, "How should I know?" Just at that critical moment I happened to pass on my way from Olympus to the Strand, and, hearing the voices, looked in to see what was going on. I immediately saw my friend pinch his leg under the table, as men sometimes do when they would desire to restrain their laughter. Then lifting up his eyes and espying me, he immediately arose, and, joining me, withdrew me from the room. Just as we were leaving, Herr Fieldwitz, who knows all published games by heart, and, moreover, is a wag in his way, stooped across the table, and in a whisper, which I strongly suspect he intended to be perfectly audible to all present, waffled to my ears in accent sweet these words most terrible: "Signor Furioso! do you not know who Black was? Why, it was" (here he used great emphasis, while a wicked smile stole over his countenance)—"why, it was *yourself*." Furioso at once started up from his chair, and, rushing towards me, overtook me as I was hurrying down the stairs. "Sir," said he, in tones imperative but with quivering voice—"sir, I forbid you to publish that game in your column, or to give any story setting forth the facts that have just occurred." Whereupon I kindly promised, for his sake, to comply with the former part of his demand; but for my readers' sake I resolved to disregard the latter part of it.

MARS.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 2. HYGIENE—CONTINUED.

Stabling.—Last week we settled the point regarding air entrance and exit. Now with regard to warmth. It is plain that since fire and artificial means of warming are not resorted to that the air of the stable owes what warmth it may have, beyond the temperature it possesses before entering the stable, to the radiation of heat from the surfaces of the horses' bodies which happen to inhabit the stable, and from the lung surfaces of the same, *via* respiration. This source has a like addition, to a smaller extent, from the attendants whilst in the stable. A more objectionable source of warmth could hardly be had, yet few will be inclined to so far quarrel with it as to go to the expense of proper heating by open fire, stove, or hot water, though we often wonder why hunting stables are not supplied with warmth by hot water. The warmth which radiates from the comparatively dry surface of the skin is less charged with noxious matter, but, as everyone knows, the lungs take in cool, pure air, rob it of most of its sustaining oxygen, and give back to it a lot of harmful carbonic acid gas and warm vapour. When once this carbonic acid gas is parted with by the body it does not expect to be troubled a second time with it. Again, heat derived from such a source is less in quantity and requires retaining with more care than more fervent heat derived from a more prolific source; hence the care exercised in blocking up air holes. Anyone entering a well kept hunting stable, when the horses are in, feels suffocated on coming into such a perfidious atmosphere, and the ammonia makes his eyes smart. The air of the stable is in practice kept hot, as in hunting stables, or cool, if not actually cold, as in cab and cart-horse stables, designedly and with good reason. There is little practical difference between the breeding, size, powers of cold resisting, and so forth, of a cab-horse and a hunting-horse; but to take a hunter in the height of his condition and place him in the cabstand for an hour till a "fare" turns up, with no rug, or only a slight rug, on him, would be sure to give him a severe cold.

Not so cabby's horse; and why? Because of their diametrically opposite skins; opposite in everything else but construction. The blood-vessels of cabby's horse's skin are educated to contract and *shut up* the skin, so to speak, as a breathing open membrane, whilst the vessels of the skin of the hunter never are required to contract to resist cold, and so his skin is always active. This activity is kept up always, either by warm air or warm rugs, or by exercise. This consideration settles the size and ventilation question thoroughly. Cab horses, dray horses, farm horses, and doctors' horses, indeed all horses much out of doors and standing in the cold, cannot and must not be kept in hot air whilst in the stable, which is only another way of saying that they must have large, cool stables, or, if smaller ones, hot air accumulation must be impossible. Horses having to stand out in the cold habitually do not feel any discomfort in a cool stable free from cold draughts. Here the reader's attention may be called to two states of health of the hunter's and cab-horse's skin. These states of health differ widely. Each skin is the most efficient its owner could have; whilst one bars out the cold and coops up the internal heat, and therefore less easily perspires, the other allows free exit to the vast amount of heat let loose from the muscles of the body during violent exercise. Reverse the two, that is, let the animals suddenly change skins, then, as we have said, one takes cold on standing out in the open, the other, galloping over fallows and deep ground with a closed skin, drops suffocated.

As we should expect, the most difficulty arises in the regulation of the air warmth of the stables of horses outside the pale of these two extremes. Hardly any difficulty is met with in keeping a stable very hot—as for hunters—or very cool—as for cab, dray, and farm horses. The difficulties of ventilation are not met with by these classes, as we should expect. The tradesman who keeps a horse or two for mixed work, now a day or two in the stable, then out and in the cold for a day, and so forth, feels the difficulty. He is surprised, and wonders what his horse is made of when he accidentally comes across cabby's arrangement with a large, open, cold stable in a cellar, with a manure heap at one end, sawdust and litter on the ground, and a dozen horses eating, dozing, or chafing, and free from colds, and with fair health. The difficulties of this large class will always be great until they learn to *educate the blood-vessels* of the skin by cold sponging. We have before told our readers that the small blood-vessels are surrounded by muscular fibre, and this fibre everywhere keeps its tone by being exercised. When the fibres surrounding a vessel contract, this shuts the vessel so that little blood can get through. This fibre must be practised in contracting and shutting the vessel, and its power to do so, quickly and efficiently, is improved. Cold is a good thing for stimulating it to contract so that cold sponging in a morning is quite sufficient to keep this vessel fibre in tone. The cold met with outside acts likewise as a stimulant, and on going out into the cold, the vessels are shut at once, and the effects of the cold resisted. By this means only can that large class of horse owners alone hope to avert the effects produced by altered temperature in and out of the stable.

The horse's skin cannot be brought to perfection as a free perspiring and otherwise active agent without a fair amount of warmth whilst in the stable, but as we have said some horses are better without open perspiring skins.

The stable flooring is an object of concern. The material for the flooring must not allow damp to strike through it, so that concrete should form one stratum of the flooring *all over*. The inclination of the floor of the stall is a thing much disputed upon.

The objects of inclination of the stall floor are two; namely, to efficiently carry off wet and leave the bedding dry; and at the same time to afford a proper bearing for the four feet. There can be no doubt that a perfectly level floor is desirable for the feet to rest upon. A horse frequently tires with standing, and seeks ease through altered position. Thus, a horse will rest the back sinews of his hind leg sometimes by standing back with the heels of his shoes propped up on the edge of the gutter whilst the toes are in the gutter, and he would be even more inclined to rest his fore legs in this way were there a gutter or ledge. But he would never seek ease to his legs by reversing the position of the heels and toes; yet when a stall slopes from before backwards, as some stalls are made to do, the horse cannot find ease to his fore legs, but must stand with the weight on his back sinews incessantly, and the consequent strain on the back sinews is so great, and tires the legs so much, that when stall-floors fall very much from before backwards, the horse can only get the strain off his fore legs by standing back in the stall, or, in other words, in standing as far out of the stall as his halter will allow. Nor can we hope to rest the back sinews by any arrangement that would tilt up the heels of fore and hind feet. If we did this, then the joints would catch it, especially the the pastern joints, and the tendency to knuckling over would be increased; so that a level bearing, that is, level from before backward as well as from side to side, alone meets the requirements. With a level floor the inclination for waterfall *can only* be obtained by gutters, and these, for obvious reasons, must admit wet but not calkins, therefore we must have perforated grating over them. To be perfect, then, the stall floor must be level in all its bearings, and must have a good supply of narrow, well grated gutters, each having a good "fall," either ending in the fall pipe or ending in a gutter, or gutters, which do end in the fall pipe. To meet these difficulties, bevelled bricks of ironstone are used, but these cut the straw; so that we prefer flags over concrete with abundance of well grated gutters.

(To be continued.)

NINA SONTAG, sister of the celebrated cantatrice who became Countess Rossi, died recently in the Marienthal Convent, where the remains of the *diva* were interred after they were brought from Mexico.

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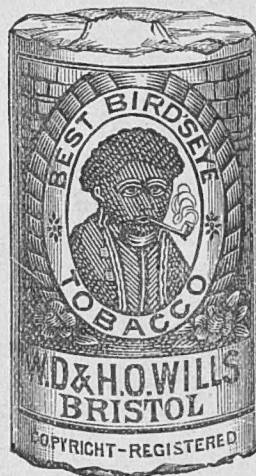
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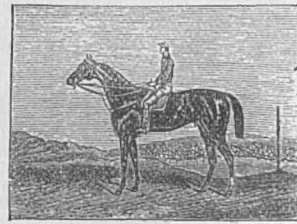


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